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Events of the Week.

WE suppose, if Mr. Asquith's forecast of a June election be correct, that the Budget will be in a mild sense an electioneering one, and in that case its complexion is easy to discover. Its appeal will be a middle-class one; and its only substantial proposition will be a shilling off the income tax. To that extent it will endorse Lord Inchcape's declaration that direct taxation has reached a point at which the incentive to saving has disappeared, and with it the effective power of bequest. That challenge the Government will not dare to meet. But a shilling remission yields only a half of the demand of the great industrials, and they maintain, with some justice that, as the Government have docked the Geddes report of a third of its reductions, it is not justified, and that there is as yet no true balance available for any reduction at all. That last calculation is entirely true. No Chancellor with a financial conscience can look at the income tax and what is certain to happen to it next year and reduce it by a penny. But as conscience, financial or other, is not a conspicuous asset of the Government, the shilling will probably go off, and a bad device, such as the capitalization of war pensions, may be set up to excuse it. In that case, the Labor demand for relief from the food taxes will be played with, and a trifle taken off the tea and sugar duties. But that will be the merest window-dressing. Essentially, we predict, no attempt will be made to meet the problem of finance. It will simply go weltering on.

THE salient event of the week for the prospects of European restoration occurred not at Genoa, but in Lorraine, at Bar-le-Duc. M. Poincaré there made an oration which would mean, if one must take it literally, not merely the wrecking of the Genoa Conference, but the destruction of the Entente. His leading idea was that the Russo-German *rapprochement* had created a wholly new situation in Europe, which the Allies would have to face together after the Genoa Conference. Like the most nationalist writers in the French Press, he insists on treating the Rapallo Treaty as though it were

potentially a military alliance. Even if it does not contain secret clauses, it is, he says, "a direct menace to Poland and an indirect menace to France." One must duly record this French interpretation, for, whether sincere or otherwise, it may give the clue to future French action. But one can only gasp in amazement at the wilfulness which insists on believing that because two States have agreed to forgive mutually all past debts and injuries they are therefore engaged in a military plot. M. Poincaré might as reasonably suspect that we have made a military alliance with Russia because we have concluded a trade agreement. He went on to declare that France at Genoa would "make no concession either to Germany or to Soviet Russia," and he twice hinted that the French delegation might have to withdraw from the Conference.

A STILL graver* passage* in the* speech dealt with the controversy between the Reparations Commission and the German Government. Unless the latter gave way before May 31st, France would have to take action. The context showed that he meant some sort of military action, and it is known on good authority that he agrees with his journalists in wishing to recur to the old French plan for occupying the Ruhr. It would, he said, be desirable that the Allies should take action in common, but France had the right to take action, if necessary, alone, and she would insist on her rights. So we are back once more at the old position when the French occupied Frankfort alone. We seem to remember, and M. Poincaré has apparently forgotten, that after the occupation of Frankfort a most explicit pledge was given that France would not again resort to isolated action. The general attitude is quite clear. Because Germany and Russia are arranging to help each other out of their economic miseries, France will harden her heart against any concession to Russia, and will crush Germany over again by seizing her most vital industrial area.

To this threatening speech Mr. Lloyd George made a temperate though significant answer in a statement to the British and American journalists at Genoa, enforcing it, in a later address to the journalists, with a moving picture of the state of Europe, the significance of the Russo-German pact, the danger of renewed war, and the obligation on the victors to show a "just and equitable spirit." M. Poincaré's declaration was, he said, a serious matter, and if he wants co-operation, to talk of separate action is an odd way of securing it. Then came a protest against misstatements about the British attitude on the Russo-German Treaty, especially in the "Times" and the "Daily Mail," and a promise to take an early opportunity of returning to London to give the full truth in a statement to Parliament. The British view is, he said, that unless peace is made with Russia, "Russia and Germany will be driven together in community of misery, in fierce friendship directed against Western Europe." He then urged "an open and humane policy towards Russia," but he wished her delegation would abandon the Oriental habit of haggling. We think this statement means that while Mr. George is still anxious to go to

great lengths to conciliate the French, he sees the possibility of a rupture, and in that event is preparing very wisely to assure support at home. Certainly it ought not to be refused at this crisis by the Opposition. In our view, he has erred only by making too many concessions to the French. With M. Barthou and the delegates in Genoa he has had some success, for they are more or less in accord over Poland, and the French are said to have been placated by a pleasant luncheon party. But the dour and pedantic M. Poincaré is out of reach of such amenities.

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THE main business of the Conference, meanwhile, makes slow progress, and bumps along over continual obstacles. Under instructions from Paris, M. Barthou again reopened the Russo-German incident, and a second letter of remonstrance was addressed to the Germans, making still clearer their exclusion from Sub-Commission No. 1 while any Russian business is in hand. The graver part of this letter was, however, the final paragraph, which reserved to the Allies the right to declare null and void any clause in the Rapallo Treaty which may be "recognized" (i.e., by them) as contrary to existing treaties. The special point involved is that Germany was bound by Article 260 of the Versailles Treaty to hand over to the Reparations Commission the holdings of German citizens in all public utilities in Russia, and to compensate them itself. That is an awkward but not a very grave detail; much more serious was the general obligation imposed on Germany to pay an indemnity at some future time to Russia. On this apparently, though not certainly, the Allies do not insist.

* * *

AT last Sub-Commission No. 1 has met to get down to details with the Russians. Unfortunately the Russian proposal to take M. Chicherin's clear and conciliatory note as a basis was set aside, and the London experts' report was taken as a basis. A long cross-examination of the Russian experts followed at the hands of the Belgian delegate, and their answers, especially on the new status of private property in Russia, were held generally to be unsatisfactory. The point involved seems to be that while the Communist State has so far abandoned Communism in practice that it will give to anyone, from the peasant who tills a strip of land up to the foreign syndicate which works a mine, the full usufruct of the land and the right to dispose freely of the produce after paying a percentage tax to the State, it will not admit the absolute right of private property in land. To do so would be to renounce Socialism not merely in practice but in theory. It is hard to believe that practical men, who want to trade with Russia, and practical statesmen who desire a real peace, can really wish to insist on Russia's yielding in this theoretic matter. If they do, they will probably wreck the Conference.

* * *

As matters now stand, a series of questions covering all the matters in dispute has been addressed to the Russians, and written answers are awaited. The French demanded an "ultimatum," but although the questions are put in an urgent and precise form, they do not amount to anything like an ultimatum. The real issues on which these negotiations will turn are, apart from the definition of the rights of property, the readiness of the Allies to concede something to Russia. M. Chicherin cannot go back to Moscow with nothing to show but a long series of surrenders to *bourgeois* diplomacy, which will seem at the best, to the Puritans of Communism, like a traffic in the Holy of Holies with nothing won in return.

As the abler of Mr. George's admirers have seen from the first—Mr. Garvin, for example—the idea of probationary recognition is unworkable. There must be full *de jure* recognition, if Russia meets us on the essential issues. Secondly, no restarting of trade on any large scale is possible, save on a credit basis. Russia must begin to produce in order to export, and she cannot produce without tools. A loan of some kind to provide railway material and agricultural machinery is her first necessity. If it is too much to speak of a State loan, there ought to be at least a British or international guarantee for a Russian loan. Moreover, the famine of the Volga cannot be forgotten. Even if the coming harvest should suffice (which is very doubtful) for next year's needs, the livestock of the peasants must be replaced. We understand that the three British relief funds have sent an urgent appeal in this sense to Mr. George at Genoa.

* * *

THE Financial Commission at Genoa has presented its report on currency and concluded its work. Its findings are not likely to be contentious, and they follow closely on those of the admirable but ineffectual Brussels recommendations. The main points are that it is advisable to return as early as possible to a gold standard, and that since stability is more important than the recovery of the pre-war standard, countries whose currency has suffered a heavy fall are advised to fix a new gold parity as soon as stability can be ensured. The practical proposal made is that co-operation should be arranged on a permanent basis between the various national banks of issue, including that of the United States. These should conclude a Convention to centralize and co-ordinate the demand for gold, and it is suggested that gold can be economized by a system of reserves in the form of foreign balances. The usual good advice is tendered against inflation, and in favor of a balanced budget. Some countries, it is admitted, cannot stop inflation without a foreign loan. Finally, in a guarded passage (since reparations could not be mentioned), it is said that there is "no hope of restoring either the currencies or the international welfare of Europe" until "the problem of international indebtedness is tackled." In plain words, the Genoa Conference itself recognized its own futility under the veto which excludes reparations from discussion.

* * *

MEANWHILE, there is one sign of hope in the sky. A meeting of the Supreme Council is to be called to consider the territorial problems which remain over from the Treaty. Unless and until they are settled, Mr. George's pact of peace, with its formal basis of "non-aggression," is an empty form. Happily, there is here something like a *rapprochement* between France and England. Even France resists the incorporation in an "agreed" Europe of the Riga line and the other stolen goods of Poland. If Poland is allowed to appropriate so many millions of non-Poles, the Treaty of Versailles, which recognized none of these thefts, becomes a dead letter, and a Russo-Polish war is a matter of months or a very few years. M. Skirmunt's phenomenal bad faith in the recognition controversy has clearly drawn Russia and Poland into sharp antagonism at Genoa. But that is not the beginning of the quarrel. The Poles, say the "Guardian's" correspondent, are straining every nerve to get the Riga line acknowledged. England's hostility to this effort may be assumed. But if France assents, her policy of the Treaty, the whole Treaty, and nothing but the Treaty, is fatally compromised. And Poland will have signed away her future stability.

THE efforts of the Irish minority to impose a terrorist rule have provoked an impressive demonstration from the Labor Party. On Monday there was a general strike throughout the Free State. A mass meeting was held in Dublin at which Mr. Farren declared that if Connolly were alive "he would never assent to one Irishman shooting down another." (It is left to the "Republic of Ireland" and its English editor to suggest such a policy.) Mr. O'Carroll, the Chairman of the Dublin Workers' Council, who presided, said that "the spirit of militarism abroad to-day was without parallel in the history of Ireland, and they meant to destroy it in the bud." Mr. Thomas Johnson said that if militarism and brigandage continued, it would result in counter-revolution. The resolution endorsing the recent manifesto of the Executive of the Labor Party and pledging support for any action that may be considered necessary to achieve its object was carried unanimously. At Cork there was a parade of workers with bands, and a resolution demanding the cessation of armed terrorism was carried. Other bodies are making similar demonstrations. Mr. de Valera has made several speeches, but he carefully abstains (unlike some notable opponents of the Treaty) from denouncing militarism, or rather assassination, methods.

* * *

ON Monday night some of the mutineers at Athlone murdered a Brigadier-General of the Free State in cold blood. Major-General McKeown called upon the officers and men in the rebel force to surrender, and they are now in custody. On Sunday Mr. Collins won the kind of success that makes a great impression in Ireland. He was to speak at Killarney and Tralee, and the rebel I.R.A. soldiers had prohibited his meetings and tried to prevent him from coming to Killarney by opening the gates at the level crossings on the railway and padlocking them. But General McKeown, the blacksmith, opened them all with a flint, and after a scene, in which some rebel I.R.A. soldiers threatened Mr. Collins with violence, a great and successful meeting was held in Killarney. This was followed by another successful meeting at Tralee. The pretensions of de Valera's faction—if faction be not an over-polite term to apply to such people—are more discredited every day. In Belfast there is no improvement. Since March 30th, twenty-one persons have been murdered; seventy-five houses burnt; eighty-nine families evicted, and 357 persons deprived of shelter. One of the worst incidents occurred this week when a bomb was thrown at the people entering a Catholic church. Belfast is bound to its savage idols.

* * *

A WEEK ago the renewed negotiations in the engineering dispute broke down under circumstances which seemed to leave little hope for a settlement by agreement. The employers insisted firmly that the management should have an absolute right to determine whether a change in workshop conditions is or is not material. As Mr. Clynes has pointed out, this would enable a manager to remove most important questions from the scope of preliminary discussion with the unions simply by contending that they were not concerned with material changes. The union representatives just as firmly rejected this basis of settlement, and the lock-out notices to all other workers in the federated shops are due to take effect on Tuesday. Faced with this position, the Government has appointed Sir William Mackenzie to be a Court of Inquiry. The employers then published a truculent statement striking at the whole principle of trade unionism. It declared that if a Court were set up they would not refuse to take

part in the inquiry, but that they would consider themselves free to withdraw all their proposals and to *invite the workers to enter into individual agreements*. The unions were unmoved by these threats, and they repudiated with dignity a ridiculous charge of the employers that the resistance of the men was due to political and international motives.

* * *

WHEN Dr. Benes was in London he was asked (by us and others) as to the treatment of the German minorities in Czecho-Slovakia, and he gave generally reassuring answers. But if the memorandum which the Germans of Bohemia have submitted to the League of Nations is a truthful document, these assurances call for serious qualification. For it declares that the treatment of these Germans is, in the main, a barbarous proscription. Take, for example, these statements of Dr. Medinger, a well-known leader of the Germans of Bohemia. Dr. Medinger compares the state of things in Czecho-Slovakia with that in Switzerland:—

"The German-Swiss amount to 70 per cent. of the population of that country, whilst only 46 per cent. (or including the Slovaks only 60 per cent.) of the population of Czecho-Slovakia are Czechs. Yet the Germans of Bohemia, representing 27 per cent. of the population, are treated quite differently from the 22 per cent. French in Switzerland. What would the French-Swiss say if the Federal Government of Berne were to issue an order that the streets of Lausanne must show German street names; if German officials were put at the head of French cantons; if the Federal Government abolished the old French names of towns; or if the German-Swiss used their numerical superiority to institute forays on French property, French theatres, and French schools? Now that is exactly what is being done to the Germans in Czecho-Slovakia. The Germans of Bohemia are prevented from managing their own universities and schools, though the largest part of the taxes is paid by them; they must not, in districts where they represent a compact majority, appoint their own officials. Whilst in Switzerland, German, French, and Italian are all three of them official languages, in Czecho-Slovakia all laws, all ordinances, all parliamentary and official publications are exclusively in the Czech language, so that German members of Parliament very frequently do not even know what they are supposed to be voting about. The Czech language has been declared an official language. Able officials of many years' service are dismissed because they cannot suddenly acquire a knowledge of Czech. A hundred and ten German schools, with together 1,307 classes, have been closed. The expenditure for German and Czech universities is in the ratio of one to six, whilst according to population it ought to be one to three, and according to taxation one to two. Yet the Czechs, when they persuaded the Allied Powers to incorporate German-speaking territory in Czecho-Slovakia, promised to establish a 'Régime semblable à celui de la Suisse'; they promised 'de ne pas supprimer les écoles allemandes'; they promised 'qu'on ne se servirait jamais d'aucune mesure vexative contre la partie allemande de la population.'"

* * *

Now grievances can often be remedied when free speech and writing prevail. But this, we are informed, is denied to the Germans in Czecho-Slovakia. This Republican Government has restored the old Austrian law of censorship, dating from the worst days of Austrian tyranny. Under the Habsburgs the law was a dead letter; a long campaign for liberty had destroyed it. But in Czecho-Slovakia it is in active operation, and is, in fact, a whip held over the heads of the German minority and its newspapers, which are continually liable to suppression. Dr. Benes has suggested to some foreign friends that there is content among the German people of Bohemia. If so, they must be very unlike what Englishmen and Irishmen would be in the same circumstances.

Politics and Affairs.

LORD ROBERT CECIL AND LIBERALISM.

"Parties are meant for the nation, and to serve the nation. The Liberal Party does not serve the nation so long as it is entangled in personalities, and enfeebled by its entanglement. If it can make or adopt a programme (and Lord Robert offers it the opportunity)—if it can then freely choose the leaders best able to realize that programme—it will be doing its duty as a party, because it will be doing its duty to the State. For the weakness of a great party is the weakness of the State."—*Mr. Ernest Barker in the "Times."*

A "RADICAL" newspaper, criticizing Lord Robert Cecil's manifesto, discovers in it a suspicious resemblance to the Sermon on the Mount, and hints politely but firmly that in that case it should be made clear that the Liberal Party can have nothing to do with it. We should have thought that it was possible to see, in the existing state of society, some evidence that the total neglect and despicable usage not only of the Sermon on the Mount, but of all high and true ideas on the governance of Man's soul and society, had some concern with his present plight, and that therefore it might be the part of wisdom to recall them. We would even say that if the Liberal Party has really fallen into complete oblivion of all that its fathers handed down to it, and that the times require of their successors—if the war has so defeated it that it cannot even recognize its own children when it sees them—a reminder such as Lord Robert Cecil's might come just in time to save it from moral ruin and the contempt of good and high-minded men. The devil's doctrine, and its amiable practice, have had a pretty long run in politics as elsewhere. How does the world look after it all? If, as the "Star" informs us, the Sermon is an impracticable affair, fit only for the meditation of a Sunday afternoon, so, we are afraid, is the business of humanity. One idealism—that of force—will remain to it. But for society as the liberal-minded man conceives it, the game will be up, the long climb to higher things over; and those who, a little in the spirit of Bright, and a little more in the method of Gladstone, raise once more the banner of renewal and reform, and utter its inspiring watchword, will address themselves to the empty air.

For our part, we agree with Lord Robert Cecil that the time has more than come to discover a ground of light and leading for the people of this country. At present, as he says, they stand perilously divided between the revolutionary and the reactionary appeal. They are used to neither; and as a result they are in a state of great unsettlement. For want of a "coherent and defensible" doctrine, they either fall back, with Mr. Lloyd George, on hand-to-mouth politics, or lapse into the mood of criticizing everything and arriving at nothing. What is this but a denial of the virtue of liberalism? The nation must live physically; and want, unemployment, and an alarming restriction of the world-market are at its doors. But it has a spiritual life; and that has been starved altogether, or, as in Milton's picture of degenerate England, meanly and poorly fed. The war devastated the liberal sentiment which has inspired so much of our political thought—liberty of the spirit, belief in internationalism, the rule of reason and kindly dealing among men and peoples, the hope of the world's future. It also laid waste a great tract of personal relationships. Whom shall the younger folk look to; whom shall the mass follow; who will lead them carefully and wisely—but still on? An elder race of statesmen made the war; can they too construct the

society of the peace? It is very doubtful. Ruined parties litter the ground; while an extreme assertion of capital confronts a defiant doctrine of equality, which threatens a sequel to the world-war in world-wide civil strife.

Now we will advance a very simple proposition as to the political anarchy from which we suffer. The famous home of men we call England cannot be pulled down, as the Communists would have it; and cannot be turned into a prison, as the reactionaries would make of it. It is for reconstruction and repair. On these terms Lord Robert Cecil makes what all men can see is an offer of personal service. He has no use for the shot rubbish of our pre-war society, with its fallen pillars of the old diplomacy and the old capitalism. The first seems to him rooted in force, and, even as Mr. George applies it, lacking all popular understanding and assent. The second ignores the natural development of industry, and treats the workmen as if they were its children. Neither will he take any step toward a new reign of authority, established and sustained by war and armaments. Liberty, therefore, must be the key of the new Kingdom of Man; reason and adjustment, conference and organization, the arbitral council in State and in workshop, suggest themselves to the sympathetic observer as the means of attaining its equilibrium of rights. Now Lord Robert is not conspicuously a political theorist. He is, if we except Mr. Lord George, the most athletic and ardent of the Master Builders of post-war Britain. He has been a chief organizer of the League of Nations for Europe, and has popularized it all over Great Britain in scores of national or town assemblies. And he has proved himself to be a rather eager and impassioned fighter in the ranks of the *grands lutteurs*, the men to whom, in spite of all impediments of class or association, politics are a war of the soul. His battles are for humanity; and if, once again, the heart of England warms to charity or opens to an imaginative vision of the coming age, Lord Robert's hand has either kindled the fire or sustained it.

It is ridiculous to call a man of this stamp a Tory or an aristocrat. If Lord Robert's manifesto means anything, it means that he is of the party of Gladstone and Mill, of Mazzini and Wilson, and even a little of Jaurès and Robert Owen. His seeming isolation, and the admonitory but not pedantic note of his utterance which moves the vulgar cynicism of the "Star," merely result from the fact that for the moment every word or gesture of note from a public man of intellect and of moral force testifies to the leaderlessness and formlessness of political England. Give Lord Robert a party; find him great audiences and a discipleship anxious to learn from a mind that can teach; and the touch of formality in his address will melt away as it melted in the kindred case of Gladstone. Character, said Goethe, is made in the great world-current; and if Lord Robert hesitated to throw himself into that life-giving stream, it would be a proof that he had no character, or not enough. As for Liberalism, we have long held that he was made for it. He would rid it both of the thin and negative prudence which holds down its sympathy, and the weak dependence on a few rich men which cramps its energies and forbids any constructive handling of the industrial problem. Lord Robert is not so fettered. He has no responsibility for the war, and practically none for the peace; so that he can shape a living policy for Europe in perfect freedom of mind; and he is nearer to Labor, the great mass force in politics, than any of the Liberal leaders. But his true recommendation is that when once he finds a following he will be seen to furnish a stay for the unformed but fast developing thought of

thousands, whom the war has evicted from their best hopes about life and the conduct of public affairs. It is needless to talk of an office for him in the hierarchy of politics; he will find that for himself in the serious, instructed England which Mr. Ernest Barker speaks for in the "Times" of Monday, no less than in Radical England, in working-class England, in the England which abhors this conscienceless and incapable Government of ours, and yet wants something finer, more modern, more alive and formative, than Front Bench Liberalism can give it. But attach himself he must. Save for the mighty eremites of thought, every sensible man, from the Pope downwards, has a Church or a Party to serve and be served by. Let Lord Robert proclaim himself for the Liberal that he is, and we will promise him a Liberal revival for his reward.

IF GENOA FAILS —.

If the Genoa Conference were to fail, said Lord Birkenhead last Monday, the world would be confronted with "one of the blackest moments since the Middle Ages." The claim may seem to those of us who are far outside the struggling groups in Genoa to involve a high and even extravagant estimate of the importance of this Conference. In a sense, we think the Lord Chancellor did not exaggerate, though we can recall some rather heavy clouds that have hung over civilization since the Middle Ages. There was the nightmare of the religious wars which endured for a generation and left all Central Europe at its end in something like the plight of the Volga valley. The Seven Years' War and the two decades of the Napoleonic wars deserve a passing mention, and some might put in a claim for the Stygian blackness of a certain date in 1914. Assuredly, if Lord Birkenhead had been thinking only of the literal achievement which is possible at Genoa, he would not have spoken in this way. For, as the weeks go on, we are unpleasantly confirmed in our views of the severe limitation upon Genoa. There is just one big thing which it may do, and if it should fail there, it is bankrupt. It may recognize Russia, bring her back to the economic and political system of Europe, and inaugurate her restoration. For the rest, what is there? There is a sagacious and sober, but decidedly commonplace, financial report, which says over again what the experts had said without effect at Brussels. There will be similar reports upon commercial relations and upon transport. But none of these reports will bind one single State in Europe to deviate by a hand's breadth from the beaten track of ruin, nor will they deter the greater Powers, notably France, from pushing the vanquished still further towards the abyss. They will be recommendations, and nothing more. Nor can it be otherwise when the final scene is staged. We are ready to believe that a most effective "curtain" may be arranged. Mr. George will make a thrilling speech, and everyone will take an oath against aggression for ten years to come. But that will not prevent M. Poincaré from invading and occupying the Ruhr coalfield, if he is really minded to do so. By tests of this kind Genoa is not of the importance which Lord Birkenhead attributes to it. Apart from the recognition of Russia, it may, indeed, be a minor and rather negative event.

None the less, on a broader view we hold that the Lord Chancellor's estimate is not exaggerated. The Conference itself, in its direct achievement, can be no earth-shaking matter, and yet the focus which it has provided for the shaping forces and real tendencies of our conti-

nent is of the first importance. In this mirror Europe has seen itself. We know more clearly than before where we are all going. There are, if we exclude the neutrals, who, even as a chorus, are a dumb and helpless band, three groups or forces in presence of each other. It is no longer the old simple opposition of victors and vanquished. There are victors who intend to remain victors, there are victors who are tired of the rôle, and there are the vanquished. The first category, with France at its head, includes Roumania and Jugo-Slavia. The second, with ourselves and the Italians to lead it, may come to include the Poles, the Baltic States, conceivably the Czechs, and possibly, though not probably, the Belgians. The last means Germany and Russia. Now the idea of Genoa, as opposed to its whittled and disappointing programme, meant the obliteration of the distinction between victors and vanquished. The whole drama of the actual Conference turns upon the attempt to realize this idea. The Conference began well enough. One heard, indeed, in the very first hour, the martial music of the "Marseillaise" breaking through the other calmer themes, as it does in the familiar music of Tchaikowsky's "1812." We heard a few bars of it *fortissimo* as M. Barthou forbade M. Chicherin to talk of disarmament. Thereafter the main theme recurred, and in spite of sharp French opposition, Germany and Russia, with the rank once more of Great Powers, were placed on the central Sub-Commission No. 1. It looked like the restoration of the old Concert of Europe, and the supersession of the Allied Supreme Council.

The triumph of the idea of unity, however, was only momentary. With that baffling deviousness which characterizes him, even when he is sincerely following a good aim, Mr. George once more set up an Allied conclave to deal with the Russian situation. We do not doubt that he meant well, and thought that in this way he would most easily overcome the opposition of the French to any tolerable handling of Russia. But the result was disastrous. It pushed the Germans in hot resentment and suspicion into the signature of their Treaty with Russia. We hold that Treaty to be not merely a harmless but even a model document. So far from regretting this economic *rapprochement* between the two great ruined Republics of the Centre and the East, we welcome it as one of the best things which could have happened for Europe. If it breaks the monopoly of the projected financial Consortium, that is a gain, and not for Russia alone. But, above all, it is well that this Treaty has frustrated one of the worst of all the designs of Versailles. The Versailles settlement held out the prospect that Russia might be supported in demanding a war indemnity from Germany. If she had been entitled to claim pensions for the fifteen million men whom she mobilized, the German indemnity might well have been doubled. There were people in Paris, and probably in London also, who dreamed of saddling Germany in this way with the Tsarist debt. Russia was to acknowledge that debt, but Germany was to pay it. If any such sinister scheme existed, it has been checked by the Rapallo Treaty.

But if this Treaty was, as we hold, a proper and salutary agreement, it has for the moment seriously compromised the chances of Genoa, and played into the hands of France. She managed for a few days to restore Allied domination at Genoa. The Allies have become openly the managers and dictators of the Conference, issuing their fiat without consulting even the neutrals, to say nothing of the Russians and the Germans. The French have spoken with a brutality without precedent in the public forms of international life in time of peace. They

have in plain words, in an official document, accused the German delegation of "lying." That is their chivalry to a disarmed foe. But all this is merely the beginning. M. Poincaré, in his speech at Bar-le-Duc, has threatened further forcible action against Germany for the extortion of the indemnity, and he has plainly said that he is prepared to act without his Allies. He has used the Russo-German Treaty as an excuse for a further refusal to disarm. To cap that declaration he has further, so he tells us, instructed the French delegation at Genoa to refuse all concessions either to Germany or Russia.

The issue in this momentous speech is plainly stated. If the solidarity of the Allies is to be maintained, we are thus committed to three positions:

(1) an uncompromising attitude to Russia at Genoa, which will assuredly prevent any agreement on debts or recognition;

(2) further forcible action against Germany to enforce an impossible indemnity, and

(3) acquiescence in the present scale of armament in Europe, which means, of course, that not France only but her various satellites also will continue to overawe the rest of the Continent.

Now M. Poincaré may have said more than he really means. He may be playing to his gallery. On the whole we do not think so. He is a man of method, even a pedant, who weighs his words and writes his speeches. Taking him as he depicts himself, there is a plain choice before us. We can maintain the solidarity of the Alliance only by renouncing the idea of Genoa. M. Poincaré means to conduct the affairs of Europe in the spirit of M. Clemenceau's epigram, that "peace is war pursued by other means."

In any event the Conference on this showing is wrecked, or rather sabotaged. For even its one possible concrete achievement, the recognition of Russia, is unattainable without concessions. M. Chicherin, in his able letter, has asked for two things which we take it are for him essentials. He will go very far to meet the Allies. He will recognize the Tsarist debt, though in paying it there manifestly must be a moratorium and a writing down of the amount due. He will insist on his counter-claim for the damage done by our intervention, only as a set-off against the war debt, which Russia is plainly much less able to pay than any of the other Allied debtors, whom we do not dream of pressing. He will provide full compensation of one kind or another for private firms whose businesses in Russia have been upset by the Revolution. Finally he offers a new legal system, for which it is claimed (we do not yet know how fairly) that it safeguards the rights and property of private firms trading in Russia. These are large steps towards the position of the Allies. But no Russian Government could make them, or face its own public at home, without asking for something in return. M. Chicherin asks for immediate *de jure* recognition, and for a credit to start the work of reconstruction and production. Both demands (as we have argued many times) are reasonable and conform to our own interests, and we are glad to see that Mr. Keynes, whom no one suspects of an inclination even to the milder forms of Socialist doctrine, supports a credit of, say, £50,000,000 to Russia. But M. Poincaré has given his order of the day—no concessions whatever to Russia. In that case the choice is plain. Either we stick to France and to the whole French system for Europe, reduce Germany to a still lower abyss of ruin and despair, and banish Russia once more into outer darkness, or else we take our own course and make our own arrangements with Russia. The course of the Conference so far has clearly shown that if France,

followed perhaps by the Serbs and the Roumanians, should withdraw, the rest of Europe would make its terms with Russia with little difficulty, and would then form with Germany and the neutrals a reasonable and harmonious European family.

We do not doubt that Mr. George in his own mind has the clearness of wit to see that the moment has come for decision. His statement to the journalists is indeed an indication that he is getting ready for a breach with France. A Power which goes into a Conference with the declared resolve to make no concessions whatever is a Power with whom no one can work, save on terms of subordination. M. Poincaré could scarcely have set up his claim to hegemony and domination in Europe in plainer terms. It is a hegemony which rests on nothing but bayonets. The supremacy in culture which made the pretensions of Louis XIV. natural, and robbed them of their offensiveness, is hers no longer. She stands for no great idea as she did in the wars of the Revolution. A material or economic superiority she never has possessed. She is much more nakedly and simply than Germany ever was a military Power, which seeks by force alone to domineer over the rest of the Continent. After M. Poincaré's speech there is nothing to be done save to let her take her own course. If she walks out of the Conference, she may make the salutary discovery that she is far from being so indispensable to Europe as she supposes. Freed from her veto and her arrogance, the rest of us will find it easy to arrange our affairs, and civilization will not have suffered an incurable amputation.

If Mr. George should have the nerve to face this situation and to carry on the work of the Conference with those who remain, we hold that no prejudices of party ought to deprive him of adequate support at home. Let him act boldly, let him knit the saner and more social part of the Continent together in a league of peace and restoration, and he need not fear the "Die-Hards" at home. We dread the secession of France only under one condition. If it should leave Europe leaderless, if Mr. George, with the "Times," the "Post," and their school in rebellion in his rear, were to flinch from the work of consolidation, then indeed the moment might be the darkest that Europe has known since the Middle Ages. If France should prove to be right in her calculation that she may with impunity fling herself upon an isolated Germany and a boycotted Russia; if she were to meet with no check save what their poor resources might furnish, then indeed the outlook for Europe would be grave. The Genoa idea meant solidarity. We must be ready to translate that solidarity into acts.

THE VICTORY OF THE TRADE BOARDS.

THE Report of the Cave Committee on Trade Boards was awaited with great anxiety by those who had marked the recent chapters of our social history. During the war we were all agreed that sweating was wrong, that it was a fallacy to believe that a healthy industrial system can be built on a basis of ill-paid labor, and that Cobden's excellent phrase that a nation cannot afford a little national education could be applied to social conditions in general. Then came the reaction, due partly to the discovery that Labor was less formidable than some had supposed, and partly to the painful experience of the results of a bad peace. In this new atmosphere we began to unlearn those lessons as fast as we had learnt them. We abandoned the Agricultural Wages Board, and said

that the agricultural laborer must take his chance. We refused even to supply any effective conciliation machinery, so that a few recalcitrant farmers are able to obstruct the general opinion of the district. On each issue that arose the Government followed this new inspiration. The Joint Industrial Council was abolished, and the Government, through the mouth of Sir Gordon Hewart, laid down a doctrine about the obligations of the different Governments to the International Labor Conference which was destructive of the authority and influence of the Conference. This was a most serious blow to British Labor, which is obviously particularly interested in the efficiency of joint arrangements for putting down sweating in all countries. In the case of the miners' strike the Government definitely took sides against the men; in the engineering dispute it refuses to use its powers of inquiry at the instance of the men. For three years England has been in the hands of a Government whose affinities have all been to capital and the traditional capitalist outlook.

When this mood was very much in the air, an attack on Trade Boards was inevitable, for powerful elements in the ruling and capitalist class felt towards all this machinery much as the House of Commons of 1816 felt towards the income tax when it passed a resolution that all records of that iniquity should be destroyed. The Cave Report, though there is much in it to criticize, is the first real check that has been offered to this downward tendency. This is very significant. It must be remembered that the system was on its trial before the Cave Committee at a very difficult time in its history. Professor Hobhouse points out in his admirable article in the "Manchester Guardian" of Monday that Trade Boards were fixing wages in 1920 at a time when wholesale prices were falling and the cost of living was still rising. The fixing of rates in such circumstances is obviously a very difficult business, and it is particularly difficult under the arrangements which Trade Boards have to observe, for those arrangements involve unnecessarily long delays. Moreover, there has been a great and rapid increase in the number of Trade Boards as a result of the Act of 1918, which authorized the Minister of Labor to make a Provisional Order to extend the Act, not only, as originally, "if he was satisfied that the rate of wages prevailing in any branch of the trade is exceptionally low as compared with that in other employments," but also in cases where he was of opinion "that no adequate machinery exists for the effective regulation of wages throughout the trade." Under the new Act the system expanded rapidly, and by the end of December there were sixty-three Boards in existence (nineteen of them Irish), and the number of workers directly affected is now no fewer than three millions. The Committee therefore were reviewing the system at a time when circumstances imposed the most difficult task on those who were administering it, and after a great and rapid extension which tested sharply its resources and its methods. It is encouraging, after the depression of the last three years, that the Committee which was expected to curse has ended by blessing. It is still more encouraging to find the explanation. For the explanation is undoubtedly the good opinion which the system has won in the ranks of the employers. The Committee have been impressed by the tributes paid by the employers to the system, and it is quite clear that the public opinion of the employing class would not have sanctioned the repeal of the system. Professor Hobhouse, who speaks with special and intimate experience, throws an interesting sidelight on this testimony in his article: "It is not too much to say that if a few extremists could be cut off at either end, the

men of this [moderate] temper could and would settle the questions of a trade by themselves without the need of 'appointed members.' " The Committee find, from the evidence of employers, that the Trade Boards have been a protection to the good employer, that they have stimulated improvements in working methods, that they have contributed to the improvement of industrial relations, and that in any alterations that are made, these permanent benefits must be preserved.

The proposals for reform are in our opinion much less important than the fact of a favorable verdict. This Committee appears to be right in its proposals for saving some of the loss of time and trouble under the present system; wrong in strengthening the hands of the Minister of Labor in preference to strengthening the Trade Boards. It should be the aim in all such systems to have as little bureaucracy as possible. After this Report all sting is taken out of the agitation for repeal. A progressive Government will be able to use and develop this system, and a reactionary Government will not dare to destroy it. But the Report has a moral for the whole world of industrial policy. It is not an accident that so many employers are found to favor this system. There have always been employers who took a large and sympathetic view of industrial questions. After all, the Ten Hours Bill itself was carried to victory in Parliament by the largest employer in the cotton industry. What we need, if industry is ever to be put on a basis that promises peace and co-operation, is to give power to this opinion to express and assert itself. When trade unions and employers' federations meet in industrial crises, their diplomacy is the diplomacy of war; their methods of propaganda and discussion the methods of war.

The conduct of the engineering dispute is a good example. If once you could eliminate the atmosphere of war from the discussion, there is no insurmountable problem presented in the questions of machine manning and apprenticeship, which are the fundamental questions in dispute. What is wanted is a careful review of the whole problem and an agreement which lays down a general method, rather than the enunciation of fighting formulas. For this reason we are anxious to see the restoration of ideas that were in the air at the time of the Armistice, and we welcome the letters from Mr. Graham and Mr. Henderson in the "Times" urging the creation of an Industrial Parliament. Events are determining for us the lines of an industrial policy. Universal nationalization is out of the question, and bureaucracy is not less discredited in the minds of the workers than in the minds of the employers. On the other hand, even the most old-fashioned minds must see that the old blind forces of the industrial system can lead to nothing but civil war or complete economic failure. After the publication of the Report of the Cave Committee the rising cry of *saue qui peut* will be definitely checked. We have to find some method of industrial reorganization which will enable all industries to benefit by the knowledge, experience, and goodwill of those who are engaged in them. It is ridiculous to suppose that the English people who developed Parliamentary representation from experiments in the government of towns cannot find such a method. And this great reform, if wisely conceived, will put industry in touch with problems that affect its fortunes outside these islands, for those fortunes depend partly on issues that are controlled by foreign policy, partly on issues that are regulated by the International Labor Organization. No other industrial policy can save us from a sheer degradation of all our standards of life.

THE MIND OF THE INDIAN NATIVE STATE—I.

(BY OUR INDIAN CORRESPONDENT.)

WHETHER the Princes of India are safer now than they were ten years ago is questionable, but they are certainly having a pleasanter time. Both socially and politically they receive from the British authorities increased civility. The Political Agent, the British official with whom smaller rulers most frequently collide, was formerly an imposing figure. News of his coming stirred the State to its depths. He represented the Agent to the Governor-General who represents the Viceroy who represents the Emperor. Girt with vicarious authority, he laid down the law on every conceivable subject, including deportment, and freely criticized everything and everyone who did not minister to his comfort. Meanwhile his servants blackmailed the court officials. But the Political Agent of to-day is a wilted and almost pathetic figure. He retains his title of Colonel and his tendency to bluster, but at the slightest resistance he collapses, becomes abjectly polite, and attempts to see the point of an Oriental joke even when it is directed against himself. He is housed with decreasing splendor, and the Government of India has instructed him to instruct his chuprassies not to rob his hosts. And as with him, so with the upper grades of his hierarchy. They have orders to treat the Princes of India as if they were Princes and not naughty boys. Nor is the change in policy merely sentimental. When there is a dispute between a ruler and his feudatories, it is usually decided in the former's favor; there is even a tendency to restore to Native States territory that they have lost; there is even a notion of re-creating Native States, like Satara, that have disappeared. Both by words and deeds the Government of India has reversed the policy which was in favor a decade ago, and which a hundred years ago produced British India.

There are two reasons for the change. The Native Princes have shared in the increased consideration accorded to Indians generally, and they are also encouraged because of their usefulness as counter-weights against the new Nationalism. It is neither in their tradition nor to their interests that India should become a nation; even if they survived, they would lose their importance and local variety. It is only the modern democratic Indian who boasts of being an Indian; the majority still say "I am Afghan, or Persian, or Rajput; my ancestors entered the country under so-and-so"; and the Princes, whose mentality is anything but modern, and whose views of the present are always colored by visions of the past, go further than most in their separatism, and like to suppose themselves invaders, holding their lands by the sword, even when they relegate the invasion to the Golden Age. The Government of India, while not sharing such a view of history, has naturally profited by it, and as its own troubles grow and a Gandhi succeeds to a Tilak, it becomes more polite than ever to men who have no sympathy with Nationalist aspirations, whether legitimate or anarchical, and who applaud any attempts to suppress them. Curious alliances result. Certain Anglo-Indians now speak of the Native States as certain Englishmen spoke of Germany during the war, with a morbid envy: "They stand no nonsense over there," is their attitude; "they clap agitators all right into prison without a trial, and if your servant's impudent you can strafe him without getting hauled into the Courts." And Sir Frederick Lugard, in the ripeness of his Imperial wisdom, has lately suggested that we should apportion British India among the loyaller rulers, and

control the whole peninsula through them. Before we do this there are one or two points to consider.

The Princes have studied our wonderful British Constitution at the Chiefs' Colleges, and some of them have visited England and seen the Houses of Parliament. But they are personal rulers themselves, often possessing powers of life and death, and they find it difficult to realize that the King-Emperor, their overlord, is not equally powerful. If they can exalt and depress their own subjects at will, regard the State revenue as their private property, promulgate a constitution one day and ignore it the next, surely the monarch at Westminster can do as much or more. This belief colors all their intercourse with the Government of India. They want to get through or behind it to King George and lay their troubles at his feet, because he is a king and a mighty one, and will understand. In the past some of them nourished private schemes, but to-day their loyalty to the Crown is sincere and passionate, and they welcomed the Prince of Wales, although his measured constitutionalisms puzzled and chilled them. Why did he not take his liegemen aside and ask, in his father's name, for the head of Gandhi upon a charger? It could have been managed so easily. The intelligent Princes would not argue thus, but all would have the feeling, and so would the reader if he derived extensive powers under a feudal system and then discovered that it was not working properly in its upper reaches. "His Majesty the King-Emperor has great difficulties in these days": so much they grasp, but they regard the difficulties as abnormal and expect that a turn of the wheel will shake them off. However cleverly they may discuss democratic Europe or revolutionary Russia with a visitor, they do not in their heart of hearts regard anything but Royalty as permanent, or the movements against it as more than domestic mutinies. They cannot understand, because they cannot experience, the modern world.

One of the annual festivals, the Dessera, may help to explain their psychology. The Dessera falls in October, at the end of the rains, and was in its origin a preparation for war against an enemy State. There is no enemy now, nor always an army, but the Dessera is still celebrated by many a Hindu ruler with archaic pomp. During the day various warlike implements are worshipped, and in the evening a military expedition sets out, partly in landaus, to the boundaries of the city. Here a halt is called round a Tree of Victory, planted for the occasion, and a document is read out which enumerates the territories, feudatories, revenue, and expenditure of the State. This document is of a satisfactory nature, because it bears no relation to facts. It is a faery budget, such as might occur in the parliaments of Gilbert and Sullivan. The actual budget may display an income of ten lakhs and secretly anticipate an expenditure of eleven; the Dessera budget announces an income of thirty lakhs and an expenditure of twenty, mainly upon arrows and elephants. The State may actually cover only a few hundred square miles; in the Dessera it swells to a mighty Empire, so that the various Maratha States each possess the whole of the country that was at any time occupied by Maratha bands, and the Rajput Maharana of Udaipur owns all India from top to toe. The document is then signed by the Finance Minister, and the military expedition moves back to its base. The participators smile at the absurdities, yet probably take the Dessera more seriously

than a Westerner realizes. To the ruler and his family it is an assertion of the eternity of their State. It belongs to that broad border region between reality and dreams where so much of the spiritual life of the Indian proceeds, be he conservative or extremist; occurring year after year, it subtly reinforces a habit of mind.

The taste for unrealities (as we call them) also appears in the grotesque pride which imprisons some of the shyer rulers in their own jungles lest they be snubbed, and which led the Maharajah of Alwar, I am told, to promenade the deck of a P. and O. with a crown upon his head, under the belief that it was expected from him. The pride is not always personal. Though modest himself, a ruler may feel that he represents his State and family, and must uphold their honor—*e.g.*, must insist on being received half-way down a strip of carpet instead of at the top for their sake. If he forgets, and advances too many steps, the story of his failure will be whispered in a dozen palaces and be magnified by his enemies. On the other hand, if he can trick his host into advancing too far to meet him, he has scored a triumph which may be used as a precedent in the future, and enable his heir to be received at the bottoms of carpets instead of half-way down them, after he himself is dead. His argument is: "No doubt I seem trivial, but the eyes of my brother rulers are upon me, and I must behave in a way that they will understand," and since the brother rulers feel the same, it is not surprising that they meet each other with caution, and part with relief. One or two of them, *e.g.*, the Gaekwar of Baroda, exact and accord the minimum of ceremonial, but the rest try to get it both ways, in spite of the practical disadvantages. There is a story about Holkar (not the present ruler of Indore, but his predecessor) who wished to visit Hyderabad, but could not go because the ceremonial which the then Nizam accorded him was insufficient. He therefore planned an Oriental joke. He went to Hyderabad secretly, and drove in a shabby carriage along the route that the Nizam was accustomed to frequent. When the Nizam's carriage approached, he managed to graze against its wheels and fling himself out, as if dislodged by the concussion. The late Nizam had a compassionate nature, and, seeing a stout old gentleman rolling in the dust, jumped out to assist him. Holkar immediately arose. "At last," he said, "the Nizam of Hyderabad has descended from his carriage to greet the Maharajah of Indore." Fortunately the host thought the joke equally delightful. Roaring with laughter, he seated his mischievous guest beside him, and they drove on to the palace together. The story may be untrue, like other Holkar stories, but it illustrates the difficulties with which Princes have to contend. Although their interests are identical and threatened by the same tide of Nationalism, they find it hard to combine or even to meet one another, lest they compromise their prestige.

The Chamber of Princes, one of the many stillborn children of Lord Chelmsford, attempted to give them a meeting-place where they could discuss matters affecting their class. The smaller rulers, who had nothing to lose, repaired to it in shoals. Not so the larger fish. The Nizam, for instance, with dominions as large as France and as populous as Egypt, does not want to hobnob with chieftains who may be far less powerful than his own vassals. The little Rajput chiefs alone are so numerous that they can outvote any combination that can be brought against them, and do outvote, since they are organized under an able leader, the Maharajah of Bikanir. Until the Rajput block is broken by some device—*e.g.*, by the introduction of a system of group-votes—the leading Mohammedans and Marathas do not care to attend. Thus history and mythology intervene at

every turn. The hand of the past divides the rulers whenever they attempt to discuss the present. They forget the common enemy as soon as they see one another, and waste their time in discussing the form of their organization, in exchanging insincere courtesies, in cracking jokes of a symbolic nature, and in being photographed either officially or semi-officially or informally. The Maharajah of K—, for instance, always likes to stand in the back row of a photograph, but modesty is not suspected as the cause, his Highness being of a bulky build, and dominating from his high position such Princes as are perched on chairs. The Nawab of L— pushes for the front; serve him right when the humorous Maharajah of M— obscures him, quite by accident, during the exposure of the plate. The Rajah of N— takes a side seat himself, but brings in his children at the last moment and spreads them along the carpet, so that they lean against their Highnesses' legs, and appear to be heirs of the whole continent of India. Fortunately the Viceroy says: "Who are these children?" And so on and so forth . . . while the New Spirit knocks with increasing irritability upon the door. The Chamber of Princes, and all that it connotes, seems absurd not only to the politically minded Indian, but to him who pursues the more elusive goals of science and art. "For what reason are such people important?" asks the Bengali painter or the Punjabi poet. "What are they doing, what have they ever done, that is either beautiful or interesting?"

(To be concluded.)

A London Diary.

LONDON, THURSDAY.

THE French situation looks so bad that, I suppose, under the inverted logic of politics, it may prove to be a little better than it looks. But on the British side there can be no weakness. The Conference is all but sabotaged, and Paris has hardly troubled herself to deny that this was Poincaré's object, and that, thanks to the Russo-German Treaty, he has succeeded. There may be a veritable element of fear in his approach to the Rapallo pact; but in the sub-consciousness of France lies not fear but satisfaction. All now goes back to the Treaty and its exactions. Shylock-Poincaré has his bond. Portia-George may wriggle and diplomatize; but the Court must yield, and Shylock will then open the mortal wound for which the knife has so long been sharpened. Paris (says a recent visitor to me) talks incessantly of the coming march to the Ruhr. But will France march? She knows the penalty. The Entente falls into a thousand fragments, and a massed and indignant European opinion will execrate the breaker of the peace, the reopener of the "shambles" of Europe.

THE trouble about France is her apparent readiness to brave all this moral displeasure, and the economic and political consequences it carries, for the sake of the dramatic gain of a final stranglehold on Germany, which no army that exists or can come into being may challenge. With the Ruhr in French hands Germany becomes a French vassal. The key of her industries is in French keeping, while France, secure of all the coal that her industries can possibly need, completes the circle of the self-supporting State. Incredible as it seems, she reckons little of England. Barely a touch of grateful memory lingers in her breast

for the toils and sacrifices of the four years' war. You cannot discuss such things with a Frenchman. He is rooted in the French idea of polity, mirrored in the intense egotism of the most highly trained and most self-centred national consciousness in Europe. "Another war?" asks the Parisian. "Well, it was bound to come." France is used to war. For centuries it has been her chief industry, and her great accomplishment. Is not Paris in the main a Museum of victorious war?

THE crisis in the great French neurosis has undoubtedly come, and it must be met. The Prime Minister has many critics; but the country is wont to stand solidly behind a public man when he ministers to its capital need, and the British need is to escape a Europe in which Germany goes under, or breaks up into Bolshevism, while the whole Continent becomes subject to a series of confused, savage, and continually recurring blood-feuds. You have only to see French militarism at work in the Rhineland in order to see what a lash it is to every evil passion, what a ramrod thrust into the delicate machinery of a nation's life. Imagine this foreign power spread over the great central patch of Europe, with its hard-working and highly civilized population, and implemented by martinets like Mangin or even Foch. It is unthinkable. France must be stopped; and if Britain makes the right kind of appeal to the civilized conscience, stopped she will be.

MORAL force (need one say?) is the only weapon to fight France with. If she takes the sword, she will perish by the sword, but after the lesson of Versailles England has done with the bloody creed of justice pursued through war. Nor can England alone achieve justice for Europe. If France breaks bounds, the inevitable British appeal will be to America. Washington showed where the thought of France lay; and how untouched the consciousness of her statesmen had been by the effort to close the era of force, and enter the stage of peaceful, concerted internationalism. France divined the mistake of tactics, though not the error of mind and policy; and her new American propaganda is an effort to obliterate it. What she can be made to realize is that a practically united Britain (for even the Die-Hards are not a Gallican organ like the "Times"), an all-powerful America, a band of pacifist neutral countries, and a weakening of the force idea on the part of the Succession States, constitute a more or less solid peace-block, which her military parades annoy and injure. She will defy this world-opinion in the belief that her economic self-sufficiency (with the Ruhr in her hands) is complete? That is a proposition which, with her distracted politics, she will not long face. But observers insist that there is absolutely no hope of an early re-orientation of French policy. The bureaucracy is supreme, and sets the tune which is daily given out by the worst Press in Europe. There *was* a France of the mind. Victory killed it; and a long and slow renovation of the soul must precede its resurrection. Here and there a lonely intellectual protests or forbodes the issue. But the revolutionary tradition is almost dead; and the Socialist Party has become a confusion of squabbling atoms. Such is the picture.

LORD ROBERT CECIL's manifesto has had a very good Press; and I suspect, from my hearing, a still warmer reception in what we absurdly call "the country." The popular interpretation is, of course, the right one. The writer is a Liberal; and if he cannot disguise his hand-writing, he cannot long conceal his identity. Then why conceal it? Liberalism is to-day less a party creed than

a big umbrella; a Home for the Homeless. Those who resort to it want a shelter from the storm; a tent in the wilderness. Thus the Liberal platform, in spite of its seeming desolation, is really crowded, and the true Liberal leadership is to open it to fresh, modern, and interesting minds, sympathetic to their time, and acutely sensible to its moral destitution. Lord Robert is the natural chieftain of this ever-growing band; and if he cannot lead, they will either drift away or attach themselves, with only half-satisfied minds, to Labor, or quit the political scene altogether.

I HAVE been waiting to see what answer the medical profession would make to Dr. Hadwen's crushing assault in a recent number of "Truth" on the practice of inoculation for typhoid. Judging by the examples of medical defence which the editor submits, there is no answer to be given. If so, this method stands condemned as quackery. Dr. Hadwen says that it was enforced during the war by cruel pressure brought to bear on men who refused to undergo it. That lays the medical conduct of the war under a second allegation, worse than the first. Look, then, at the charges of Dr. Hadwen. They are:—

1. Protection against typhoid among the troops in the war was definitely assured when good water and proper sanitation were secured, and disappeared when these conditions were absent. In this latter instance inoculation proved unavailing.

2. This was further shown by the fact that the French, who introduced compulsory inoculation months before the war, but had had bad sanitary arrangements, much worse than our own, developed 113,465 cases of typhoid, with 12,380 deaths, by October, 1916.

3. Where, on our side, bad water and no sanitary engineers were available, as at Gallipoli, the soldiers were drafted away in shiploads, sick of fever, though hardly a man had escaped inoculation.

4. That though in the South African War 328,000 troops were inoculated, there were 60,000 cases of typhoid and 8,227 deaths. Again, when Lord Roberts, *not the medical authorities*, agitated for better sanitation, the fearful plague was stayed.

5. That in a specific case, a whole hospital unit in Serbia (all the members of which were inoculated) were down with typhoid, and 19 per cent. died of it.

6. That serious and lasting injuries were done to thousands of these inoculated men, for whose misfortunes the British taxpayer is paying in pensions.

7. That these scandals have been hushed up (most scandals are) by disguising or delayed statistics.

8. That large commercial interests are concerned in this matter.

May I ask what Parliament has to say?

DEATH makes such havoc among one's friends as to belittle even the ravage of the war. I seem to have known Llewelyn Williams most of my life—as a fellow-journalist on the "Star," as a Welsh patriot and rising barrister, as an old intimate of the Prime Minister, in the days when I (be it confessed) was a little of that company, and a comrade of the fight over the South African war. He wrote, as he spoke, with singular polish, and was of the type of student-politician, patriot, Radical free-lance who gave from a full and generous nature more to "causes" than to private interests. I suppose in this sense Llewelyn Williams was a Victorian; he lacked the true Georgian touch of little specialism. He was an artist in life, and spent and distributed himself over half-a-dozen great pursuits.

So engaged, he never climbed with the concentrated steadiness of his time, but stayed to look around him and to entertain his friends on the way. He had always the most passionate love of Wales, deeper than Mr. Lloyd George's because it was nourished at the old springs of Welsh history and literature rather than sentimentalized from its current religion and politics. He was a gallant figure, on which the darkness fell suddenly.

I GLADLY publish this note from a correspondent on John D'Auban, and am in complete agreement with it. D'Auban was, as he says, a pioneer of the freer modern schools of stage dancing:—

"John D'Auban, who has died at the age of 80, has been variously described in the daily Press as an actor and a dancer. He was both, but he was a great deal more. He was the first teacher of stage dancing to humanize the stiffness of the traditional Italian ballet. The son of the ballet master of the Imperial ballet at what was then St. Petersburg, he founded at the old Gaiety Theatre, under the Hollingshead régime, the school of dancing which was popularly described as skirt-dancing, but was in fact a free development, in the direction of greater grace and variety, of the conventional ballet known as the Italian. John D'Auban broadened the artistic appeal of the ballet, breathed new life into its somewhat stereotyped conventions. The Russians, in later years, have followed a somewhat analogous line, thus winning an immense vogue, but D'Auban was their predecessor.

"John D'Auban, thanks to that rather unfortunate term 'skirt-dancing' so associated with his name, was never really honored as he deserved. 'Skirt-dancing' became an easy cloak for the ignorance of any pretty girl who concealed the poverty of her knowledge of the art of dancing by the dexterous manipulation of a sufficiently long skirt. But as taught by D'Auban to Kate Vaughan, Letty Lind, Sylvia Grey, and other one-time Gaiety stars, skirt-dancing meant a thorough knowledge of the traditional ballet steps. To that knowledge, grace of body-movement was added. D'Auban's one idea was to eliminate the ugly side of the conventional ballet-dance, while sacrificing not one whit of its essential technique, of which he was himself, like his father before him, a master. A great artist, a simple-minded, most lovable old man with a most unmodern horror of self-advertisement, his biography would make fascinating reading, but he refused entreaty after entreaty to let it be written."

HOLIDAY moods:—

If man goes on disimproving and disappearing, it should cheer him to think that evolution looks always to the higher animals; and that if he has become an ape, his successor is bound to be an angel.

In my experience Jews are the most Christian-minded people I have met.

To the wise, happiness, like pain, is a danger-signal.

The moment you pride yourself on your attainment of self-knowledge, be warned that you have lost it.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

A FLASHLIGHT ON HISTORY.

A PASSION for "collecting" characterizes the magpie and the bower-bird. It is common among lunatics, who will pick up any bit of paper and secrete it in their treasured store. But it occurs also among grown men and women who are allowed to go at large, and, indeed, it is commonest among the well-to-do in the upper and middle classes of highly civilized races. We are not thinking of collections made for scientific purposes or for the inherent beauty of the objects. One hardly knows where to place such collections as postage stamps. They seldom have inherent beauty (think of our own and the American stamps!); they may teach a child a little geography and

even history; but usually they are collected for the mere sake of collecting; just on the lunatic's principle, except that his hoard is valueless, whereas a good many people will give hundreds of pounds for a dirty old scrap of paper that was once a stamp. A collection of picture postcards is at present almost valueless, but it may be said to teach geography like the stamps, and the prettiness of the cards has conferred the inestimable benefit of driving prettiness out of art. The collection of book-plates is a deep-seated passion, but it may be said to promote artistic appreciation. Browning tells of a friend who desired to prolong his life, if only he might prolong his list of coleoptera, stuck with pins in his cabinets; and though the poet was scornful, it is possible to bring such a collection under science.

Collectors of arms and armor may plead beauty of workmanship, provided the arms are ancient or savage. One may possibly find an excuse short of lunacy for the collection of snuff-boxes, but how did the man who collected hogsheads of common pins escape Colney Hatch? Some expend large fortunes and infinite effort in collecting the semi-putrid skins, heads, and horns of various animals, which they stick upon their walls as "trophies." During the war we all witnessed the common passion for collecting bits of shells, shell-cases, and hand grenades, and lugging them home at great inconvenience as "souvenirs." In the United States the writer has known a distinguished man who spends his holidays in grubbing over the battlefields of the Civil War, returning happy if he has unearthed a bullet, a button, or a bone. We have also heard of a man who collected bits of hang-ropes, attaching to each a short history of the occasion that gave a value beyond the intrinsic worth of the hemp. Collectors of human skulls are not uncommon, even apart from those who gather pious relics for future adoration, like the enshrined fragments of St. Ursula's virgins in Cologne.

But if the present writer had the leisure and the means to collect anything valueless for science or beauty, it would certainly be autographs. He has never possessed an autograph worth more than eighteen-pence, but he cannot pass those desks on the way to the King's Library in the British Museum without a thrill of excitement. There they lie, open for all the world to see, the actual pages written by the hands of nearly all the greatest Englishmen, and many of the greatest foreigners: Milton's notebook, Swift's "Journal to Stella," Gibbon's "Autobiography," Gray's "Elegy," a leaf of "Pickwick," a poem by Shelley, Byron's "Childe Harold," the very script of "Hyperion" in Keats's own writing as discovered not long ago by Dr. Richard Garnett, the great Librarian himself. Time would fail to tell of the men of action, men of science, men of letters, musicians, artists, historians, poets, whose writing is there exhibited. Upon those actual bits of paper their living hands were pressed. Their fingers formed the ink-marks that we see. Their faces hung over that writing. Their minds were thinking of those words. Some people believe the past is not gone—not gone for ever, but somewhere still stored up as though alive. Poring over those cases of autographs one could almost accept the graceful fancy.

And there, among the letters from men of action, lies one to which special attention is now due, because a copy of it has just been presented by Sir Leicester Harmsworth to the House of Commons to be hung under the portrait of Speaker Lenthall in the Speaker's House. The original, known to Rushworth when first written, is said to have been found again in the wall of a house in Palace Yard in 1754, and to have been transcribed by Horace Walpole, whose copy this is. Copies of three other letters, found at the same time, are presented with

it—one from Lord Grey of Warke to the King of France (1642) referring to commercial troubles arising out of the Civil War; another from Thomas Fairfax, Commander-in-Chief of the Parliament's army, telling of his victory at Naseby; the third from two representatives in the army, giving an official account of the battle. Then comes the fourth, dated on the same day as the last two (June 14th, 1645). It is from Oliver Cromwell himself, written to Speaker Lenthall in the evening after the victory, at "Haverbrowe" (Market Harborough), and now to be seen in its original form, displayed in those Museum cases. There it lies, as Carlyle described it—"two leaves, much worn, and now supported by pasting; red seal much defaced; addressed on the second leaf; with a strong, steady signature." With his own hand the great cavalry soldier wrote it after the sun had set upon the final defeat of the Royalist cause. The battle on that upland watershed of central England had lasted three hours of the morning—"very doubtful," as he writes. The doubt arose because Prince Rupert, charging in his dashing manner up the gentle slope against the left of the Parliament line, had driven it in confusion back upon its baggage, but, stopping to plunder and execute there, had not perceived that Cromwell's charge with his Ironsides down the slope from the Parliament's right had struck the King's main army on the flank and driven it back towards Harborough in chaos. Thence the King rode off to Leicester (where it is thought John Bunyan then was), and so to Ashby and his gradually approaching fate.

The Parliament's war correspondents (if we may call them so) give the number of the King's army at 12,000, and say that in the morning "both sides with mighty shouts expressed a hearty desire of fighting." The King's battle-cry was "Queen Mary," the Parliament's "God our Strength." By the evening one side was shouting no more. The official report gives "nigh 4,000" prisoners; Cromwell says about 5,000. The report estimates 600 killed on the King's side, and not above 200 on the Parliament's. Among the captures were many officers, the Royal Standard, the King's carriage, many ladies of quality, and some 100 Irish women, camp followers, "with long skean knives about a foot in length," ready for slaughter, but availing the poor creatures nothing now. All three accounts say that all the King's artillery was taken, and Cromwell mentions two demi-cannon, two demi-culverins, and "I think the rest sackers." Fairfax says "two demi-cannons, a whole culverin, a mortar piece, besides lesser pieces." One does not expect exactness a few hours after such a battle. A heavy culverin could throw a twenty-pound ball at point blank for 400 paces, or over a mile at high elevation. A demi-culverin threw a twelve-pound ball for 320 paces, and sackers, minions, or drakes a three to six-pound ball for about 200 yards, firing fifteen times an hour, whereas the heavy culverin could be fired only ten times, and wanted eight horses or oxen to draw it. Most of Cromwell's infantry would be armed with matchlocks, the powder being ignited after due preparation (which took about three minutes) by a slow match boiled in vinegar and wound round the body, two or three yards of it, a foot or two being held in the left hand, and both ends kept alight in hours of danger. Each man went into battle with twenty bullets in his pouch and two or three in his mouth, and the range at high elevation was about 400 yards. But Cromwell also kept the pike for nearly half his infantry, and some of his cavalry had firelocks ignited by a revolving wheel. Whether at Naseby he had already abolished the heavy cuirass, relic of ancient armor, and introduced the red

coat which still survives (for other purposes than war), we are not sure.

It was not much of a battle as we count battles now, and men have devised all manner of better contrivances for killing each other than Cromwell could imagine; but on that day when he wrote the letter the history of the country started afresh. Most noticeable to our mind is, not his brief account of the victory itself, but, first, his generous mention of Fairfax:—

"The General served you with all faithfulness and honor" (not like Manchester and others they knew of, who dallied with the war and were afraid to win); "and the best commendation I can give him is, That I dare say he attributes all to God, and would rather perish than assume to himself. Which is an honest and a thriving way—and yet as much for bravery may be given to him in this action as to any man."

Still more striking is his praise of the rank-and-file: "Honest men served you faithfully in this action. Sir, they are trusty; I beseech you, in the name of God, not to discourage them. . . . He that ventures his life for the liberty of his country, I wish he trust God for the liberty of his conscience, and you for the liberty he fights for." It is a protest against the rigid formulae of the Presbyterian Covenant—a great man's protest against all the hidebound idolatry of formalists, sectarians, and doctrinaires. It was a plea written in haste, at the end of that terrible and decisive day, upon that worn old paper that we now see before us. Every word of it, emphatic, sharp, disjointed, marks the man, the great cavalry officer, the champion of religious and civil liberty, the friend of Milton.

THE STANDARDIZATION OF AMERICA.

QUANTITY and uniformity are the accepted notes of America. The geography of the country, of course, impresses this truth first upon the traveller. And no one who knows America from outside or inside can question the influence of external environment upon the character and conduct of a people. Life is standardized there as nowhere else. Machinery and mass production are everywhere dominant. Not only machine-made goods but machine-made towns, with machine-made men and women, everywhere abound. For from industry standardization and mass production have eaten their way into every department of life. Food, clothing, housing, heating, and all the material factors in a standard of comfort are made and distributed by an elaboration of mechanical method unknown in any other country. Though there exist, of course, grades of quality in material goods to correspond with grades of income, within each grade the same principle of uniformity prevails. The members of each class or income-group of Americans live much more exactly alike than elsewhere. If this is most conspicuous in personal attire, that is because the levelling influence of publicity gets fullest action here. But since Americans live much more habitually under the public eye than most other peoples, in large tenements or unfenced houses, the standardizing pressure is stronger at every point. The knowledge that our neighbors know so much about our ways of living is itself a powerful incentive to conformity, and plays most profitably into the hands of mass production. But the same equality and uniformity hold sway in the intellectual and moral life. Education, the newspaper, the book trade, the movies, the theatre, the institutional church, are all huge apparatuses for imposing on the American mind identical opinions and beliefs, sentiments and interests. Schools and colleges get action on young America upon a scale and with an energy elsewhere unknown, and stamp upon it common elements of information, feeling, and opinion, upon

which the Press and all the other "cultural" machinery of the country can count for reliable reactions to their mechanical stimuli. By means of the most lavish advertising applied to this most suggestible material, Americans are made to read the same books at the same time, see the same plays, hear the same lectures and music, and exhibit the same preferences and aversions on matters of politics, morals, art, literature, and even science. Nowhere else has the whole of human nature been brought so fully under the dominion of big business and the machine.

When, as has often happened, foreigners have made this commentary upon American civilization, patriotic Americans have expressed resentment at what they assert is a superficial view. This consideration lends a special interest to the very complete and naïve corroboration just given in a large volume upon "Civilization in the United States," edited by Harold E. Stearns (Jonathan Cape), containing contributions by thirty American writers who survey the whole range of American life and activities. Their common note is one of lamentation at the failure of liberty, variety, personality, distinction, in every department of life. No work of genius, no great thing, they complain, can come out of such an America, for genius on its first appearance is eccentricity, and America is intolerant of eccentricity. The war, of course, has aggravated the tendency. "Conform, or get out," is now the *mot d'ordre*, applied most ruthlessly to the new strains of European and other immigrants who bring with them variations of thought, feeling, and value, which, allowed free expression, might enrich the civilization of America in countless ways. No! America does not want disturbing influences. She simply wants to pass the flat-iron of Americanization over all newcomers. American government, her constitution, her conduct of business, her standards of life and thought, are good enough for all good Americans. They want no radical reforms of any sort. The very fact that the term "radical" should have acquired the offensive and alarming meaning that it has, itself attests to the tough insistence of the rulers and possessors of America upon the conservation of their radical inheritance. For "radicals" from many strains of Europe in past generations made the America which this secret oligarchy rules to-day in the name of a democracy out of which the elements of liberty and of any real equality have passed.

Sociologists sometimes point to America as the supreme achievement of the herd-mind. Several of these American critics accept this line of interpretation. The origins of the nation seem to favor it. Absence of the sharp class divisions, save in the Southern Colonies, a greater equality of economic and social opportunity than anywhere in Europe, conspired with the deep need for neighborly solidarity in a pioneer society to enforce close herd co-operation for all essential purposes of life. Add to this the cultivation of a formal sentiment of equality, the self-respect of the political, religious, and economic nonconformists who first peopled America, and you have a sufficient explanation of the uniformity and intolerance of to-day. For the nonconformity of groups not merely furnishes no protection for individual nonconformity, but represses dissidence within its own ranks more rigorously.

Asperity of criticism, such as many of these writers bring to bear, is not, however, the best approach to an understanding of the case. "High-brows" may resent the lack of opportunity for individual distinction which uniformity involves. But it is essential to bear in mind that the overwhelming majority of Americans set high emotional value on this characteristic. Though they may

resent the term "herd-mind," the thing is what they want and like. The sense of close, multitudinous personal contacts, the swarming in hotels, conventions, and all forms of "get-together," the organized processions, clubs and societies, Chautauquas, church socials, parades, the ritual of badges, college yells, and other emblems of solidarity, are genuine fruits of the spirit of America. These personal contacts feed that easy sociability which characterizes almost all Americans. Its cost is intolerance, rejection of the eccentric, low valuation of personal superiority, and action along the lines called "the fatalism of the multitude." It is the endeavor of the herd-mind to reach its highest and most elaborate development in a human society which shall work almost as instinctively as does a bee-hive, and almost as destructively for individual freedom.

But no true analysis can be quite so simple as this sounds. Nature is not uniform but variable, and in America the variations have been unceasing. The very vehemence of Americanization testifies to the varying tendency. This attempt to grind out of the newcomers the best they bring, the surviving traits from long centuries of selection in a different environment, cannot prove so successful as the social machinist hopes. Good Americans of the older stocks may be reduced to close conformity, but new blood brings independent ways of thought, feeling, and action, not so easily drilled out. It must not escape us that though America has produced very little individual work of genius in the world of thought and art, science and religion, she has been recognized as the happy hunting-ground for cranks and heretics in religion, economics, politics, hygiene, and medicine, and even in literary forms. Many of the graver vices of American civilization, upon which our critics fasten, are breaches of law and of social codes of morality. A more plausible indictment of that civilization can be made on the ground of rebellion than on that of obedience, as the annals of homicide, robbery, divorce, lynching, and industrial warfare, and the general prevalence of certain sorts of lawlessness testify. If prohibition is one of the boldest achievements of a machine-made majority, its wholesale evasion announces the corresponding boldness of a recalcitrant minority. It seems as if great laxity at some points were consistent with the oppressive domination of society in others. Perhaps the currency of standardization in essentials is actually served by canalizing individual freedom and craving for personal distinction into non-essentials. Games and sport furnish large fields for personal adventure and prowess. In spiritual activity we find this sprouting of queer, crude novelties in religion, art, or literature—anything with a not-too-dangerous kick. This explains why "Americanization" is concentrated chiefly upon the repression of opinions, political, economic, or moral, that are liable to cause dangerous discontent with the economic rule of the possessing minority. For the brunt of intolerance to-day is in the region of political and economic instruction and organization. The old theological bigotry is passing (save in a few parts of the belated South) because American religion has become an annex of patriotism and profiteering. Upon the whole, this standardization of life and thought commands the allegiance of the great majority. They enjoy the cosy herd-feeling, and win a dispensation from the intolerable toil of thought. This sort of equality means to them Democracy. They do not want the loneliness, the effort, and the risk of feeling, reasoning, and acting for themselves. So they gladly give up the right of private judgment to their Catholic Church.

This explains what one of the writers in this volume calls the "spiritual starvation" of America, the failure

of the personality to function freely in any of the great creative arts. It also explains why "the revolution" has no chance in America. The herd-mind, intensely conservative, literally cowers beneath the sound of the word Bolshevism, applied, as Anarchism used to be, to every sort of reform movement or policy.

Under such conditions it seems evident that Democracy, as we in Europe understand it, based on personal liberty, is impossible for America. But this makes the great American experiment only the more interesting. For a civilization which is the full and complete expression of herd conditions, welding into close uniformity not merely the actions but the thoughts and feelings of the entire membership of a huge nation, would be a unique achievement in human history. Britons might not like such a life. But for Americans it may appear to be Utopia.

Communications.

THE WOMAN LIBRARIAN.

To the Editor of *THE NATION & THE ATHENÆUM*.

SIR,—American libraries, which can hold their own with the best in the world for efficiency and for the fullness with which the community avails itself of their services, are staffed mainly by women. The ratio of women to men employed as librarians or assistants is 90 per cent. in the United States; in the British Isles, 25 per cent. In Toronto, the province that has by far the best-developed library system in Canada, it is ten to one. Why such a difference between here and there? is the question recently discussed at University College, London, by Miss Marian Frost, one of the sixteen chief librarians in this country who are women. That women are eminently adapted to the work is evident from both theory and experience. For the subordinate posts, for the routine of nearly every department, the average woman has points of superiority over the average man. Mind for detail, ready and retentive memory, the sense of location, knack and zest for tracking down information—the female library assistant shows these aptitudes rather quicker than does the average youth. Obviously, it is an occupation that makes no heavy demands upon physique. It is not less obvious that the peculiar requirements of the children's library and reading-room, a department second to none in intrinsic importance, call for the ministrations of a woman. And in the feminine touch that makes the library not merely a workshop but a pleasant place for intellectual intercourse and studious leisure, with an atmosphere of its own, women are, of course, beyond competition. All this is proved by the hundreds of women assistants in England, as well as by the thousands in America. Further, that a number will show themselves competent to initiate, and organize, and administer is demonstrated by the many libraries in the United States that have women at the head, and by the women who sit on Library Boards and on the State Library Commissions.

Yet in this country the majority of libraries have no women on their staffs. A few employ equal numbers of male and female assistants. But most of the women in the library service form staffs of subordinates with men as the chief officials. Few thoughtful critics regard the American example as one to be followed to a like extreme. There is a place for men in library work. To make it a women's preserve would be a misfortune. Economic conditions in Toronto and the United States have brought about a disproportion; but in England conservatism, prejudice, or mere force of habit is maintaining a disproportion of the opposite kind.

Elaborate organization and a considerable degree of specialization in American libraries made it necessary and obvious long ago that the staffs should be highly educated and trained in library technique. This gave women their opportunity. A much larger proportion of American than of English women have the advantage of a university or

college education. There are eighteen library schools in the United States open to persons of either sex, whilst here we have the one School of Librarianship. Women, in short, are on an equal footing with men, and as long as other causes tend to restrict masculine competition, they have it all their own way. There need be little fear that women will ever oust men in such wholesale fashion over here, and we may without misgiving try to rectify the balance.

Perhaps this is not the most propitious time to urge a different policy. In a general cutting down of expenses women rather than men are liable to be thrown out, and the antiquated doctrine will be invoked to the utmost that there is only a certain number of jobs, and that to appoint a woman means the exclusion of a man, perhaps an ex-Service man. But when there is such a vast amount of work to be done, surely it is a time to keep all hands employed. Surely it is uneconomic not to use women in a job peculiarly their own, and to waste man-power that would be more productive in other spheres. It is not merely that thousands of women who are anxious to do their share of work are kept unemployed, and have to be fed and clothed at the expense of those who do get the jobs; but that the men taking the women's jobs cannot be doing the work for which they are fitted, because they are men. The state of things generally is wasteful and uneconomic. The plea that there are not enough jobs to go round is a confession of failure; it means lack of economic organization, inability to secure economic equilibrium. In the library service, or in any other occupation, there should be no preference for women or for men, except for economic reasons; the person should be chosen to fit the job. Then there will be something like an equilibrium between the sexes, with perhaps a general leaning—not so biased as in America—towards the female side. It is poor economy to indulge sentiment at the public expense by conferring posts that require peculiar aptitudes, high education, and specialized training, on ex-Service men who ought to be doing something more congenial, and hence more productive. It would be a greater mistake to revert to the pre-war habit of staffing most of our libraries exclusively with men, just because such has been the custom since the Middle Ages.

At the present date it may be safely said that every library in this country is badly understaffed. When money is available to put them in the right state of efficiency, it is to be hoped that the opportunity will be taken to place women in charge of those departments where they ought to be regarded as well-nigh indispensable.—Yours, &c.,

ERNEST A. BAKER.

Letters to the Editor.

JAPAN AND COREA.

SIR,—The note in the "Wayfarer's Diary" in your last issue is timely and weighty. Public opinion on both sides of the Atlantic is shockingly misled as to the prospects of peace in the Far East. Neither the Washington Conference nor the League of Nations can prevent an outbreak of military activity so long as 20,000,000 Koreans are exasperated (1) by the annexation of their homeland (1910) by force and fraud on the part of Japan; (2) by the hideous misgovernment, brutal and humiliating, which has characterized Japan's rule of the Korean peninsula for the last twelve years. The facts you state briefly are but the merest outline of the full story which yet remains to be told. So long as the United States and Great Britain—the two Powers which could have prevented the crime perpetrated by Japan in 1910—take no steps to redress the wrong, it will be impossible to blame Koreans if they accept aid from any quarter which will enable them to strike a blow for national freedom. Let it be clearly understood that the concession of autonomy—held out by Japanese Liberals and Anti-Militarists—is utterly unacceptable to the heads of the Korean Republic, and that nothing short of Japan's withdrawal from the mainland will satisfy the mind of a people who have learnt the value of Japanese promises, and see daily the gradual development of Japanese policy in the Far East.

With the political aims of Koreans this League does not concern itself—it stands for aiding Koreans to obtain decent government, social and religious freedom. But it would be unjust and foolish to hide from the public the extreme gravity of conditions in the Far East, or to refrain from stating plainly what Korean demands are.—Yours, &c.,

W. LLEW. WILLIAMS,

Hon. Sec., League of the Friends of Korea
in the United Kingdom.

195, Maida Vale, W.9.

THE MICHELSON-MORLEY EXPERIMENT.

SIR,—I am much obliged to your reviewer of my little book on the Einstein problem. He thinks my criticism nonsense (and most people will agree with him at first), but he is courteous enough to suggest points for discussion, and to mention certain arguments in favor of the accepted doctrine. May I offer a brief comment upon one passage?

"When the light is advancing towards the mirror," says your critic, "the earth is following it up and carrying the mirror with it. The mirror is moving, with the speed of the earth, away from the light. The light, owing to its velocity being greater than that of the earth, reaches the mirror and is reflected," &c. Does anyone seriously believe this to be a true account of the facts? On the same principle, then, a passenger on a fast liner, who desired to swim, in the direction of the ship's voyage, from one end of a tank to the other, would have to swim more knots than the ship could steam, lest he should fail to reach the other end of the tank! The superiority of light's velocity to earth's has nothing to do with the question. Were the velocity of light but one mile an hour, it would still reach the mirror without difficulty, though in a more leisurely style. Even so does a passenger in a train arise from the seat, on which he has been travelling at sixty miles an hour, and walk with his normal pace to the other end of the train. He starts from an apparent state of rest, but the "rest" means sixty miles an hour over the earth's surface. The light leaving a heliograph also starts from apparent rest, but the "rest" is thirty kilometres a second through the ether. The relativists cannot see this, because they think it inconsistent with light's constant velocity, irrespective of the movement of its source. But there is no inconsistency; there is merely the muddle about "addition of velocities."

The fact is, sir, that relativity is a far more intricate subject than most of its exponents have suspected. The best qualification for discussing it is neither a classical education nor, I think, a mathematical; but a general education in philosophical reasoning, with special reference to the subtle distinction between good arguments and bad. Einstein is a man of genius, not an imbecile, but his fame will not rest on the careless analysis of things like the Michelson-Morley and the Fizeau experiments.—Yours, &c.,

W. H. V. READE.

Keble College.

SIR,—With reference to the article in your issue of the 22nd inst. on the "Michelson-Morley Experiment," may I, as an unscientific reader, diffidently venture an inquiry and a comment?

As to the first: Does the Michelson-Morley experiment proceed upon the assumption that the earth is a bare globe spinning through a motionless medium (ether)? Or, to put it another way, does the atmosphere, necessarily in motion with the earth, in no way affect the passage through it—e.g., as a stream communicates its motion to objects in it—of a ray of light?

As to the second: Mr. Reade, apparently, assumes that light passing through the earth's atmosphere moves in and with that atmosphere: and thus moves with the bare velocity of light in relation to any point on the earth's surface. To those unfamiliar with the mysteries of science this would seem the common-sense view.

Perhaps you could find space for a further elucidation of a piece of scientific reasoning which, while serving as basis to a vast edifice of novelty, not easily to be accommodated within three-dimensional minds, seems itself not unshakable.—Yours, &c.,

H. G. H.

ELIZABETH CLEGHORN GASKELL.

SIR,—It may interest Mr. A. Stanton Whitfield, of Exeter College, Oxford, to know that I am in possession of many scores of letter by Mrs. Gaskell and sundry valuable documents, some of them having come to me from my friend Mr. Bryan Holland, Mrs. Gaskell's grandson and the son of her eldest daughter.

But by a singular anomaly, the copyright in all Mrs. Gaskell's letters was vested in her younger daughters, who are now represented by their solicitor, who denies Mr. Holland's right to publish any of his grandmother's letters even to his own mother.—Yours, &c.,

CLEMENT SHORTER.

Great Missenden, Bucks.

THE CHURCH AND LABOR.

SIR,—We desire to draw the attention of the whole Christian community to the Labor Celebrations which will take place on Monday, May 1st. The Church may not be able to share all the views represented in the procession, or to endorse every word of the resolution to be proposed at the meeting. But at least one person will be speaking in the name of Christ from each platform in Hyde Park, and there ought to be a contingent of Christian people, clerical and lay, walking in the procession from the Embankment, bearing on banners, as they have done in the past years, very pertinent words from the Scripture.

The time has gone by when it was possible to pretend that the things most characteristic of the present social system were sanctioned by Christianity. The Church must stand against the existing social war. It must demand freedom, economic as well as political. The products of the co-operation of labor and nature must be distributed with regard only to human need. Otherwise Christian principles can have no meaning for to-day.

This year the Church should again take its place by the side of Labor, but in view of the tremendous need in Russia it is proposed to divert the energy of many who would otherwise walk in the procession to the work of collecting money along the route for the peasants of the Volga.—Yours, &c.,

(Sgd.) J. R. ACKROYD, Lewisham Cong. Church.

EDWARD BACKHOUSE, Society of Friends.

R. J. BARKER, Drayton Park Wesleyan Church.

A. GRAHAM BARTON, Kingsgate Baptist Church.

DOUGLAS BUDDEN, Marsh Street Cong. Church.

JOHN CLIFFORD, 18, Waldeck Road, W. Ealing.

A. J. DAY, S.J., Church of the Immaculate Conception.

STANLEY B. JAMES, Darby Street Mission.

MC EWAN LAWSON, Beckenham Cong. Church.

W. E. LEE, Plumstead Wesleyan Mission.

JAMES A. LITTLE, John Knox Presbyterian Church.

VINCENT McNABB, O.P., Dominican Priory, Hampstead.

BASIL MARTIN, Finchley Unitarian Church.

HUGH MARTIN, Student Christian Movement.

W. E. ORCHARD, King's Weigh House Church.

T. W. PYM, Cambridge House Settlement.

C. E. RAVEN, 92, St. George's Square, S.W.

F. C. SPURR, Regent's Park Chapel.

Poetry.

"WHO'S THERE?"

TO-NIGHT I heard someone without,
And rising from my chair
I left my own meek fire's side
And opened wide my door;
One sighing breath of air
Crept in across the floor,
Crept in as glad to be
Safe in the house with me.
"Who's there?" I cried:
No one replied; no one was there.

No one—no beast or body—stirred;
Or wakeful bird.
Each frightened tree
Was frozen stiff and still.
But there above the hill
A gibbous moon made eyes at me
And stars a million more;
And in a sudden tremor I,
Who'd flung that challenge to the sky,
Made haste to close my door.

KENNETH H. ASHLEY.

The Week in the City.

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

THURSDAY.

THE City never allowed itself to expect great results from Genoa, and therefore is not greatly disappointed. Nevertheless, the danger of an Anglo-French rupture causes anxiety, and is mainly responsible for the undecided tendency that developed on the Stock Exchange. War Loan, it is true, has gone to fresh heights, but the appearance of markets in general has become somewhat patchy, and indecision may continue until the Anglo-French position is clearer and the Budget proposals are known and understood. On the whole, the Genoa idea of a conference of Central Banks, to be summoned by the Bank of England, is welcomed, and a favorable point in the international outlook is the acceptance by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan of a seat on the Committee appointed by the Reparations Commission to review the possibilities of raising a Reparations Loan in foreign countries on German security. But the present situation is pregnant with reminders of the political obstacles to be surmounted before financial and economic recuperation on the Continent can really set in.

MONDAY'S BUDGET.

A month or so ago it was the fashion in certain quarters to put about exaggerated estimates of tax alleviations which the Chancellor might grant in the Budget, and a reduction of two shillings in the Income Tax rate was freely spoken of. From the same quarters there recently arose a chorus of dismal assertion that we can expect no tax reduction at all. Prophecy as to what Sir Robert Horne will actually do is peculiarly hazardous. But I cannot shake off the belief that the truth will lie somewhere in between former optimism and recent pessimism. The mournful jeremiads that have latterly filled the Press will perhaps prove to have served the purpose of preparing the public to be thankful for very small mercies; and if the Chancellor can provide even a little relief, a public fed on doleful prognostications may be in the temper to say that the Budget is not quite so bad as it might have been. A close study of available figures, it is true, goes to suggest that little more than a real balance between revenue and expenditure can be achieved on the present basis of taxation; but the captains of industry are unceasingly dinning into the ears of the Treasury the argument that a reduction in Income Tax would redound to the advantage of the Exchequer in other directions. There is something in this argument, although it is an obvious case of wish being the father of thought, and it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that the Chancellor should adopt it in a modest degree. So I am inclined to think that there will be something, though comparatively little, off Income Tax, and probably also a reduction of a comparatively trifling nature in some selected item of indirect taxation, and perhaps some relief in postal charges. There are, as usual, mysterious whisperings of a new kind of tax, and the old proposal of borrowing to pay the pensions bill has been vigorously revived. All responsible financial opinion would be with Lord Inchcape in condemning the latter policy as "cowardly finance," and I do not believe that Sir Robert's advisers will depart so flagrantly from the path of orthodoxy. Those who take the opposite view argue that political exigencies demand an attempt at a popular Budget; that a Budget can only be popular if it grants large tax relief, and that large tax relief can only be afforded by borrowing to meet a deficit. Doubtless the temptation is strong, but the taxpayer who looks for more than very modest relief on Monday is in all probability courting disappointment. The City is clinging firmly to the hope of a shilling off the Income Tax. This certainly seems the most that can be expected.

WAR BOND CONVERSION OFFER.

There was some disagreement recently in the City with the Treasury decision that 5 per cent. National War Bonds maturing on October 1st next lost on April 15th the right of conversion into 5 per cent. War Loan. But holders of these National War Bonds and of those of the series which matures on April 1st, 1923, are now offered the opportunity of conversion (a) into new 4½ per cent. Ten-Year

Treasury Bonds, or (b) into 3½ per cent. Conversion Loan. In the former case, £100 of War Bonds will be exchanged for £100 of new Bonds plus £4 in cash; in the latter, £100 of War Bonds can be exchanged for £134 of Conversion Loan Stock. The two series between them comprise War Bonds to the total of about £262 millions, and the Treasury, of course, wishes to forestall as much as possible of this impending obligation, for, whatever else the Budget may or may not do, it will not provide any surplus available for extinguishing debt. Probably holders of the two series of War Bonds will freely avail themselves of this new Conversion offer, which is open until May 15th; but a considerable proportion of the Bonds, especially those maturing next October, are probably in Money Market hands and may be allowed to run to maturity. In the conversion offer holders are offered a yield between 4½ per cent. and 4¾ per cent., which, with the monetary outlook what it is, are fairly generous terms for a long-period Government security. But holders of Bonds of the series maturing next April still have open to them, up to October 15th next, the opportunity of converting into 5 per cent. War Loan, which many small investors may prefer.

MARKET OUTLOOK.

Until Monday the Budget remains an imponderable factor in the investment outlook. Other factors, however, point, on the whole, to market activity, and the balance of probability seems against the Budget providing any strong counteracting tendency. Cheap money has arrived and will stay for a time. Bank Rate has gone down to 4 per cent. and may go lower. In New York the expectation of a further fall in money rates is confident. At the same time, signs of healthy trade improvement are not lacking, and after the appalling period of depression through which we have passed each successive sign of further trade improvement is quite likely to breed a spirit of optimism rather in excess of justification. In America trade is also stirring, and there is reported from New York a feverish activity in almost every branch of investment. Shrewd observers in New York hail this great stock and bond boom as a prelude to a substantial trade recovery, which, later on, will react on money rates and investment quotations. There seems to be no reason why a similar sequence of events (in modified form, perhaps) should not follow here, provided that the international situation or the Budget does not apply a wet blanket. At best, it must be a long time before trade can recover sufficiently to drive money rates up high, or divert money in formidable amount to the finance of current production and commerce. So, extraneous influences permitting, Stock Exchange activity is likely to increase, rising, perhaps, in one or two markets to periodic boom. But conditions are such that small investors still require to show the greatest caution and discrimination. If the Stock Exchange Committee's proposals for a resumption of speculative facilities are put into force, the number of dealings in speculative shares will swell very greatly. But a considerable body of House opinion is fighting against such resumption.

REPORTS AND ISSUES.

Following on the Wellington Loan success it was not surprising that New Zealand's £5,000,000 loan was oversubscribed in an hour. A Crown Colony issue is said to be imminent, and a Brazilian loan is also expected.

The Cunard Line shows a considerable decline in earnings, but the results are good when all the conditions of the past year are considered. Birmingham Small Arms report a loss on the past year's trading of £469,000, and dismal in the extreme are the results of British Cellulose, whose net loss for the past year was £758,000. It is to be feared that many investors were led to invest in this concern by the knowledge that the Government were taking up a large interest in it. They have unfortunately learnt the hard but elementary lesson that Government participation is a very different thing from Government guarantee, and that Government investments are sometimes unwise.

L. J. R.



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The World of Books.

In an article in the "Atlantic Monthly," Mr. Clutton-Brock, who very rightly believes that we shall never abolish war until all of us understand the precise psychological reasons why we make it, defines patriotism as a pooled self-esteem in which the corked self-esteem of individuals finds an explosive vent. To boast of ourselves is vulgar; to boast of our country is the most respectable way of circumventing the suppression. From this point of view, the "Autobiography of Lord Herbert of Cherbury" is a pacifist tract. No dams or barriers here to turn the ego in seething perversity upon itself: *παρὰ πέε*—the broad-bosomed stream of self flows between the covers in uninterrupted amplitude and dignity, and reticences, demurrings, discomforts are but straws upon the copious flood.

THE "Autobiography" was first printed by Horace Walpole at the Strawberry Hill Press in 1764, prefaced by a few weak words in which the author is described as seeking Truth, writing on Truth, and being Truth. They are the palest reflection of Lord Herbert's "Know thyself," not in a dashing roguery like Cellini, but as a man or rather a gentleman of God. The opening pages are devoted to a historical summary of his family, as noble in deeds as in quarterings, but the achievement of one incomparable hero in twice passing through a great army without mortal hurt armed only with a poleaxe is a little contemptuously regarded by a man to whose many-faceted mind Amadis de Gaul and the Knight of the Sun could be but specialists in one department of life. He illumined all, and the symphonic words "I shall now come to myself" soon break off the tale of diffused and reflected glories.

THERE was no slow combustion about Lord Herbert; he blazed from nativity, and his first lispsings were to ask how he came into the world, while the nurses marvelled to hear this infant Pantagruel. Some men are born into the world with a lucky spoon in their mouths, but Lord Herbert descended from the clouds, with a nature which could "acquiesce only in the perfect, eternal, and infinite," with an inclination utterly contrary to all falsehood, and with faculties (Hope, Faith, Love, and Joy) which passed him through Keats's "vale

of soul-making"—readymade and for ever homesick. But he mixed freely in the world's contagion, since there was no fear of contamination; learned music, languages, philosophy, and all the exercises of a natural and hereditary nobility without a master; and is teaching us herbalism, doctoring, oratory, logic, fencing, the graces, virtue, and metaphysics, before the book has shed its swaddling clothes.

LORD HERBERT had his temptations like the rest of us, but the one thing that never beset him was vain-gloriousness. This immunity enables him to give an account of himself denied to the generality of mankind, whose *false* modesty forbids them the relief of truth about themselves. When he tells us that he never drew sword for his own sake, but to succor the insulted and injured; of how he met accidents by flood and field; of how he was loved by the "fairest of her time"; of how Henry IV. no sooner saw him than he ran to take him in his arms, "holding me some while there"; of his royal progresses through France, Italy, and Germany; of his soldiering, which kept so just a poise between prudence and gallantry, mental and physical prowess; of a range and delicacy of fair words so perfect that a portion of the light which emanated from him was seen to shine in the faces of the company about him—we are conscious of a disinterested faith in goodness and capacity in which the dissimulations of average men to secure praise of themselves without betraying their intent have no place. Lord Herbert praised himself because he loved truth and goodness.

WHEN he went to Paris as an Ambassador there was ill-feeling between French and English. "Nevertheless, after I had been in Paris about a month, all the English were so welcome that no other nation was so acceptable amongst them." And the crescendo:—

"O Thou Eternal God, Author of the light which now shines upon me. . . . I am not satisfied enough whether I shall publish This Book De Veritate; if it be for Thy glory, I beseech Thee give me some sign from Heaven; if not, I shall suppress it." I had no sooner spoken these words but a loud though yet gentle Noise came from the Heavens (for it was like nothing on Earth), which did so comfort and cheer me that I took my Petition as granted, and that I had the Sign I demanded, whereupon also I resolved to print my Book. This I protest before the Eternal God is true, neither am I any way superstitiously deceived herein, since I did not only clearly hear the Noise, but in the serenest Skye that ever I saw, being without all cloud, did to my thinking see the place from whence it came."

If we are all suppressed Lord Herberts, let us make haste and as frankly write our own Autobiographies, and, if we are well enough off, pay for the printing of them. Let us put the book away for a year and then read it, if possible publicly, as they do or used to do at the Poetry Bookshop. It is a simple panacea, but it seems no bad foundation for the building of Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land.

H. J. M.

Short Studies.

HONEYMOON.

AND when they came out of the lace shop there was their own driver and the cab they called their own cab waiting for them under a plane tree. What luck! Wasn't it luck? Fanny pressed her husband's arm. These things seemed always to be happening to them ever since they came abroad. Didn't he think so too? But George stood on the pavement edge, lifted his stick, and gave a loud "Hi!" Fanny sometimes felt a little uncomfortable about the way George summoned cabs, but the drivers didn't seem to mind, so it must have been all right. Fat, good-natured, and smiling, they stuffed away the little newspaper they were reading, whipped the cotton cover off the horse, and were ready to obey.

"I say," George said as he helped Fanny in, "suppose we go and have tea at the place where the lobsters grow. Would you like to?"

"Most awfully," said Fanny, fervently, as she leaned back, wondering why the way George put things made them sound so very nice.

"R-right, bien." He was beside her. "Allay," he cried gaily, and off they went.

Off they went, spanking along lightly, under the green and gold shade of the plane trees, through the small streets that smelled of lemons and fresh coffee, past the fountain square where women, with water-pots lifted, stopped talking to gaze after them, round the corner past the café, with its pink and white umbrellas, green tables, and blue siphons, and so to the sea front. There a wind, light, warm, came flowing over the boundless sea. It touched George, and Fanny it seemed to linger over while they gazed at the dazzling water. And George said, "Jolly, isn't it?" And Fanny, looking dreamy, said, as she said at least twenty times a day since they came abroad: "Isn't it extraordinary to think that here we are quite alone, away from everybody, with nobody to tell us to go home, or to—order us about except ourselves?"

George had long since given up answering "Extraordinary!" As a rule he merely kissed her. But now he caught hold of her hand, stuffed it into his pocket, pressed her fingers, and said, "I used to keep a white mouse in my pocket when I was a kid."

"Did you?" said Fanny, who was intensely interested in everything George had ever done. "Were you very fond of white mice?"

"Fairly," said George, without conviction. He was looking at something, bobbing out there beyond the bathing steps. Suddenly he almost jumped in his seat. "Fanny!" he cried. "There's a chap out there bathing. Do you see? I'd no idea people had begun. I've been missing it all these days." George glared at the reddened face, the reddened arm, as though he could not look away. "At any rate," he muttered, "wild horses won't keep me from going in to-morrow."

Fanny's heart sank. She had heard for years of the frightful dangers of the Mediterranean. It was an absolute death-trap. Beautiful, treacherous Mediterranean. There it lay curled before them, its white, silky paws touching the stones and gone again. . . But she'd made up her mind long before she was married that never would she be the kind of woman who interfered with her husband's pleasures, so all she said was, airily, "I suppose one has to be very up in the currents, doesn't one?"

"Oh, I don't know," said George. "People talk an awful lot of rot about the danger."

But now they were passing a high wall on the land side, covered with flowering heliotrope, and Fanny's little nose lifted. "Oh, George," she breathed. "The smell! The most divine . . ."

"Topping villa," said George. "Look, you can see it through the palms."

"Isn't it rather large?" said Fanny, who somehow could not look at any villa except as a possible habitation for herself and George.

"Well, you'd need a crowd of people if you stayed there long," replied George. "Deadly, otherwise. I

say, it is ripping. I wonder who it belongs to." And he prodded the driver in the back.

The lazy, smiling driver, who had no idea, replied, as he always did on these occasions, that it was the property of a wealthy Spanish family.

"Masses of Spaniards on this coast," commented George, leaning back again, and they were silent until, as they rounded a bend, the big, bone-white hotel-restaurant came into view. Before it there was a small terrace built up against the sea, planted with umbrella palms, set out with tables, and at their approach, from the terrace, from the hotel, waiters came running to receive, to welcome, Fanny and George, to cut them off from any possible kind of escape.

"Outside?"

Oh, but of course they would sit outside. The sleek manager, who was marvellously like a fish in a frock coat, skimmed forward.

"Dis way, sir. Dis way, sir. I have a very nice little table," he gasped. "Just the little table for you, sir, over in de corner. Dis way."

So George, looking most dreadfully bored, and Fanny, trying to look as though she'd spent years of life threading her way through strangers, followed after.

"Here you are, sir. Here you will be very nice," coaxed the manager, taking the vase off the table, and putting it down again as if it were a fresh little bouquet out of the air. But George refused to sit down immediately. He saw through these fellows; he wasn't going to be done. These chaps were always out to rush you. So he put his hands in his pockets, and said to Fanny, very calmly, "This all right for you? Anywhere else you'd prefer? How about over there?" And he nodded to a table right over the other side.

What it was to be a man of the world! Fanny admired him deeply, but all she wanted to do was to sit down and look like everybody else.

"I—I like this," said she.

"Right," said George, hastily, and he sat down almost before Fanny, and said quickly, "Tea for two and chocolate éclairs."

"Very good, sir," said the manager, and his mouth opened and shut as though he was ready for another dive under the water. "You will not 'ave toasts to start with? We 'ave very nice toasts, sir."

"No," said George, shortly. "You don't want toast, do you, Fanny?"

"Oh, no, thank you, George," said Fanny, praying the manager would go.

"Or perhaps de lady might like to look at de live lobsters in de tank while de tea is coming?" And he grimaced and smirked and flicked his serviette like a fin.

George's face grew stony. He said No again, and Fanny bent over the table, unbuttoning her gloves. When she looked up the man was gone. George took off his hat, tossed it on to a chair, and pressed back his hair.

"Thank God," said he, "that chap's gone. These foreign fellows bore me stiff. The only way to get rid of them is simply to shut up as you saw I did. Thank Heaven!" sighed George again, with so much emotion that if it hadn't been ridiculous Fanny might have imagined that he had been as frightened of the manager as she. As it was she felt a rush of love for George. His hands were on the table, brown, large hands that she knew so well. She longed to take one of them and squeeze it hard. But, to her astonishment, George did just that thing, leaning across the table, put his hand over hers, and said, without looking at her, "Fanny, darling Fanny."

"Oh, George!" It was in that heavenly moment that Fanny heard a *twing-twing-tootle-tootle*, and a light strumming. There's going to be music, she thought, but the music didn't matter just then. Nothing mattered except love. Faintly smiling she gazed into that faintly smiling face, and the feeling was so blissful that she felt inclined to say to George, "Let us stay here—where we are—at this little table. It's perfect, and the sea is perfect. Let us stay." But instead her eyes grew serious.

"Darling," said Fanny. "I want to ask you some—"

thing fearfully important. Promise me you'll answer. Promise."

"I promise," said George, too solemn to be quite as serious as she.

"It's this." Fanny paused a moment, looked down, looked up again. "Do you feel," she said, softly, "that you really know me now? But really, really know me?"

It was too much for George. Know his Fanny? He gave a broad, childish grin. "I should jolly well think I do," he said, emphatically. "Why, what's up?"

Fanny felt he hadn't quite understood. She went on quickly: "What I mean is this. So often people, even when they love each other, don't seem to—to it's so hard to say—know each other perfectly. They don't seem to want to. And I think that's awful. They misunderstand each other about the most important things of all." Fanny looked horrified. "George, we couldn't do that, could we? We never could."

"Couldn't be done," laughed George, and he was just going to tell her how much he liked her little nose, when the waiter arrived with the tea and the band struck up. It was a flute, a guitar, and a violin, and it played so gaily that Fanny felt if she wasn't careful even the cups and saucers might grow little wings and fly away. George absorbed three chocolate éclairs, Fanny two. The funny-tasting tea—"Lobster in the kettle," shouted George above the music—was nice all the same, and when the tray was pushed aside and George was smoking, Fanny felt bold enough to look at the other people. But it was the band grouped under one of the dark trees that fascinated her most. The fat man stroking the guitar was like a picture. The dark man playing the flute kept raising his eyebrows as though he was astonished at the sounds that came from it. The fiddler was in shadow.

The music stopped as suddenly as it had begun. It was then she noticed a tall old man with white hair standing beside the musicians. Strange she hadn't noticed him before. He wore a very high, glazed collar, a coat green at the seams, and shamefully shabby button boots. Was he another manager? He did not look like a manager, and yet he stood there gazing over the tables as though thinking of something different and far away from all this. Who could he be?

Presently, as Fanny watched him, he touched the points of his collar with his fingers, coughed slightly, and half-turned to the band. It began to play again. Something boisterous, reckless, full of fire, full of passion, was tossed into the air, was tossed to that quiet figure, which clasped its hands, and, still with that far-away look, began to sing.

"Good Lord!" said George. It seemed that everybody was equally astonished. Even the little children eating ices stared, with their spoons in the air. . . . Nothing was heard except a thin, faint voice, the memory of a voice, singing something in Spanish. It wavered, beat on, touched the high notes, fell again, seemed to implore, to entreat, to beg for something, and then the tune changed, and it was resigned, it bowed down, it knew it was denied.

Almost before the end a little child gave a squeak of laughter, but everybody was smiling—except Fanny and George. Is life like this too? thought Fanny. There are people like this. There is suffering. And she looked at that gorgeous sea, lapping the land as though it loved it, and the sky, bright with the brightness before evening. Had she and George the right to be so happy? Wasn't it cruel? There must be something else in life which made all these things possible. What was it? She turned to George.

But George had been feeling differently from Fanny. The poor old boy's voice was funny in a way, but, God, how it made you realize what a terrific thing it was to be at the beginning of everything, as they were, he and Fanny! George, too, gazed at the bright, breathing water, and his lips opened as if he could drink it. How fine it was! There was nothing like the sea for making a chap feel fit. And there sat Fanny, his Fanny, leaning forward, breathing so gently.

"Fanny!" George called to her.

As she turned to him something in her soft, wondering look made George feel that for two pins he would jump over the table and carry her off.

"I say," said George, rapidly, "let's go, shall we? Let's go back to the hotel. Come. Do, Fanny darling. Let's go now."

The band began to play. "Oh, God!" almost groaned George. "Let's go before the old codger begins squawking again."

And a moment later they were gone.

KATHERINE MANSFIELD.

Reviews.

THE INDIAN VIEW OF RELIGION.

Hinduism and Buddhism. By Sir CHARLES ELIOT. 3 vols. (Arnold. £4 4s.)

An Introduction to Mahayana Buddhism. By Dr. W. M. MCGOVERN. (Kegan Paul. 7s. 6d.)

Islam in India. By JA'FAR SHARIF. Translated by G. A. HERKLOTS, M.D. New Edition, revised and rearranged with additions by WILLIAM CROOKE, C.I.E. (Oxford University Press. 17s. 6d.)

THE three substantial volumes which H.M. Ambassador at Tokio gave to the world last year—an account of the various kinds of religion which have taken shape in the Indian peninsula and spread thence to other lands, Ceylon, Farther India, Central Asia, China, and Japan—form an astonishing work for one man to have produced in the limits of an ordinary human lifetime. The impression of huge extent which is got by those who visit a country like India can hardly be communicated in words to those who have not seen it; similarly, it is only as one travels with Sir Charles Eliot over the field covered by his volumes that one realizes how enormous it is. One has the sense of being carried over a succession of great countries in an aeroplane. One sees, in imagination, the millions who carry on a bewildering variety of worships in different languages, in lands blazing with color and sunshine, like Burma—in lands weird, forbidding, and cloudy, like Tibet. And each form of religion has its voluminous body of scriptures, some, indeed, so voluminous that, Sir Charles tells us, "not even the clergy were expected to master any considerable part of them" (ii., p. 51). Over all these variations of worship and belief, all these stupendous catalogues of sacred books, Sir Charles ranges in his masterly survey. It goes without saying that in many parts of a field so wide he gives the result of other scholars' researches rather than new discoveries of his own; yet to give an account of the field as a whole, co-ordinating the results which have been obtained by special detailed work on its different parts, requires qualifications of a rare kind, such as scholars who have focused their attention upon one part of it might well not possess. There can be few men who have Sir Charles's width of linguistic accomplishments, who can not only read Sanskrit and Pali, but know enough of the Dravidian languages of South India to check statements by reference to the original writings, and add to this a knowledge of Chinese and Tibetan. That a man who has been an active public servant, and held high and responsible offices, should have found time for the studies which this book presupposes, is marvellous. For a lonely student, who had done nothing in his life but study, the book would have been a sufficiently remarkable achievement.

Sir Charles speaks disparagingly of history. He is concerned to defend the Hindus against the strictures of Europeans, on account of their weak historical sense. He quotes Dr. Bosanquet: "History is a hybrid form of experience incapable of any considerable degree of being or trueness" (i., p. lxvii). And yet, curiously, the value of his own book is pre-eminently historical. He does not discuss, at any length, "whether doctrines and speculations are true." When he incidentally and briefly compares Hindu or Buddhist beliefs with Christian, in regard to their real

value or truth (to the disadvantage, generally, of the Christian), he hardly touches the fringes of the philosophical problem involved. But all that research can discover as to the facts, the genesis and transmission of different forms of belief, the development of new varieties, the chronology of particular persons and documents—all this the book sets forth with admirable knowledge and judgment.

Sir Charles seems to be afraid that Europeans will generally be unwilling, or unable, to do justice to forms of religion based on the Indian attitude to life. If they are Christians (so we imagine him feeling) they are not likely ever to consider seriously, as possible, another view than the Christian; they dismiss the alternatives too easily. There is, no doubt, some truth in this. I am reminded of a missionary exhibition I once visited. The walls of the building were covered with "exhibits" of various kinds—photographs and charts. In the catalogue given me I read the confident entry: "Christianity makes for life; Buddhism makes for death. To prove this, see the central wall." Ah, if we could settle the religious controversies of mankind as easily as that! Against the Indian view Sir Charles sets in contrast "the European." But does this way of stating the antithesis show the real division which exists to-day in the religions of civilized mankind? The significant antithesis is not between Indian and European, but between Indian and Hebraic. All the other forms of religion have been eliminated by the process of time—Egyptian, Babylonian, Greek, Roman; to-day the choice before the world is a religion of the Hebraic division—Judaism, Christianity, Islam—or a religion of the Indian division—Buddhism, Pantheism.

The European shows the contrast he does to-day, in the matter of religion, to the Indian, not because he is a European, but because Europe, at a particular moment of history, accepted the God of Israel. The ancient European was much nearer the Indian in his outlook. Greek philosophy, like Indian, saw the world-process as an endless recurrence, leading no whither, from which the individual might gain emancipation by detachment. If the Indian gods are, as Sir Charles points out, "supra-moral," above the distinctions of right and wrong, so were the gods of Greece—not only in the sense of crude, popular mythology, but in the sense described by Aristotle; the divine activity of contemplation is something much higher than righteousness; it is absurd to think of the gods as moral. How Indian that is! The antithesis to all this is the Hebraic view of God and the world—God essentially righteous Will, and the time-process the medium in which God's purpose works by a series of unique, determining moments towards a great "divine event" somewhere in the future, "to which the whole creation moves." In such a division of religion one must put Zoroastrianism, too, in the same category as the Hebraic religions, not class it with the Indian and Greek; Zoroastrian influence may, indeed, have contributed, in the days before the coming of Christ, to give the Hebrews a more vivid conception of human history as a process leading by epochs to some great consummation. Our European civilization is a compound of the intellectual and political heritage of Greece with a Hebraic religion. It is true that in Christian, as in Mohammedan, theology, Greek philosophy supplied many of the forms of thought, but the heart of religion in medieval and modern Europe has remained Hebrew. It is essentially Hebraic to pray, "Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth, as in heaven." The gap between the earth, as it is, and the ideal, which the Hebrew feels so painful, the Indian takes as a matter of course. The Hebrew desires to see the gap closed by the two being pulled together; the Indian desires to leave the earth, as a hopeless business, behind him, and escape from the wheel.

Sir Charles points out that the characteristic of the Buddha's teaching was its plain, practical note. Gotama would have nothing to do with the metaphysical speculations which were in vogue; the one thing needful was to get rid of pain. He disliked extravagances in asceticism. It was a mark of his disciples that they went about decently clad. The life of the naked, unwashed ascetic seemed to him *anariyam*, ignoble, "un-Aryan." There is a remarkable parallel between Gotama and the teacher who came a few generations later in the West. Socrates had much the same attitude to the metaphysical speculations of the earlier

philosophers. It was said of him later that he called down philosophy from the sky to the earth, in that he bade men busy themselves with that which really concerned them, "with the good and evil in their own chambers." But the subsequent history of Buddhism, as it is traced in these volumes, shows how Gotama's strict circumscription of interest and feeling left exigencies of human nature unsatisfied. The craving to have a theory of the Universe could not be suppressed—least of all in India. Again, Buddhism, "while creating a powerful religious current, provided hardly any objects of worship for the faithful" (iii., p. 22). And so we see in the later Buddhism "of the Great Vehicle," developed in India in the first centuries of the Christian era, and propagated in China and Japan, a form of religion in which a prominent place is taken by theories as to the reality behind phenomena, and a multitude of divine beings, including Gotama himself, are offered for the adoration of men.

Less has been written in Europe about this later Mahayana Buddhism than about the more primitive forms of the religion which still hold the field in Ceylon and Burma. For this reason, Sir Charles's full account of its genesis, and doctrines, and propagation is an especially valuable contribution. We have another help towards the study of it in Dr. W. M. McGovern's "Introduction." Perhaps there is no European who has better knowledge of Mahayana Buddhism from the inside than Dr. McGovern, himself a priest (as his title-page tells us) of a Japanese Buddhist cathedral. If his book has not the literary attractiveness of Sir Charles's, it will be exceedingly serviceable to students as a text-book.

One religion of Hebraic origin, at any rate, is largely represented in the India of to-day—the Mohammedan. Sir Charles's final chapter is given to discussing its invasion of the country and the influences which Hinduism and Mohammedanism have exerted upon each other. These do not seem extensive in the sphere of thought, though Sir Charles considers that Islam's insistence on the unity and personality of God may have vivified similar ideas existing within Hinduism, and so have helped to form the theology of Ramanuja and Madhva, and that Hindu influences may have gone towards producing Mohammedan Sufism. A few sects have arisen since the time of Kabir which have attempted to blend the two types of religion. But it is in the lower sphere of superstitions that amalgamation has taken place on an extensive scale. Hindus are employed by Mohammedans to cast horoscopes, Hindu ceremonies in connection with marriages and funerals are adopted; even Hindu deities are worshipped by some of the lower strata of the Mohammedan population. The worship of saints has gained an extension amongst the Mohammedans, which comes near polytheism in practice. On the other hand, Hindus frequent Mohammedan shrines. A rich amount of detail as to Mohammedan practices and superstitions in India is contained in the third book placed at the head of this review. We learn, indeed, little from it as to the higher life of the Mohammedan community in India, religious, cultural, or political, but it will furnish abundant material to the anthropologist. It is certainly unfortunate that Dr. Crooke has not distinguished his additions from the text of the original book, since a statement may have been true in 1832 which is not true to-day, and one is, therefore, continually liable to uncertainty, in using the book in its present form, as to whether a statement applies to the present time or to a century ago.

EDWIN BEVAN.

SQUDGE?

Smoke and Steel. By CARL SANDBURG. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)

A FIRST and very important point to an English reader is Mr. Carl Sandburg's language. Superficially, it resembles the language we speak and write, but on a closer examination it is seen to deviate so widely from English in syntax, grammar, and vocabulary, that one hesitates whether to treat it as English, or dialect, or foreign poetry. It is regrettable that no glossary is attached to the English edition, for there are few untravelled Englishmen who will understand words like those which are peppered liberally

through the book: harr, flivvers, galoots, sleazy, floozies, cahoots, gazump, loosegow, razzly, yammer, plutter, steele, yeggs, wop, culm, snozzle, snousle, dicks, speed-bug, squdge, petemen, dips, boosters, stick-ups. Critics have rightly censured Mr. Ezra Pound for the picturesque quotations from some twenty-five European and Oriental tongues which stud his pages; Mr. Sandburg's curious vocabulary might deserve the same censure, since he, too, appends no translation to assist the unlearned reader.

Passing over oddities of spelling like "smoldering" and "bloodkin" (which looks at first like a diminutive expletive), and a grammar which is sometimes surprising and a syntax which has peculiarities, we come at once to Mr. Sandburg's style. This is what is sometimes called a "red-blood" style, the style of one who swings his shoulders and projects his chin, who is very contemptuous of false elegance and very determined to be energetic and vigorous and striking. Thus:—

"In the blood of men and the ink of chimneys
The smoke nights write their oaths;
Smoke into steel and blood into steel;
Homestead, Braddock, Birmingham, they make their steel
into men.
Smoke and blood is the mix of steel."

Now whether that is truly energetic or only an attempt at energy, whether it means nothing or something, whether that something has any significance, are questions not to be decided off-hand. Let us say that these words appear to have a meaning which has not managed to get itself expressed clearly and trenchantly; and let us sample Mr. Sandburg at the other end of his book. In a piece called "Crucible" he writes:—

"The sea-mist green of the bowl's bottom is a dark
throat of sky crossed by quarreling forks of umber and ocre
and yellow changing faces."

How a bottom becomes a throat, and what "quarreling forks" may be, and why they cross with "yellow changing faces," and what we are to obtain by contemplating the result are all obscure. But this obscurity is not always a quality of Mr. Sandburg's style. For example, he says:—

"It is something to face the sun and know you are free.
To hold your head in the shafts of daylight slanting the earth
And know your heart has kept a promise and the blood
runs clean:
It is something."

This is quite straightforward, and we know what Mr. Sandburg means, though, while we agree, we wonder if such a truism were worth reprinting. Again, there is a piece called "Soup," which may be quoted entire:—

"I saw a famous man eating soup.
I say he was lifting fat broth
Into his mouth with a spoon.
His name was in the newspapers that day
Spelled out in tall black headlines.
And thousands of people were talking about him."

When I saw him,
He sat bending his head over a plate
Putting soup in his mouth with a spoon."

That is, literally and bewilderingly, all. The famous man ate his soup with a spoon, not with the poker or a toothbrush; he did not even eat it noisily. Why should a famous man not eat soup with a spoon as well as anybody else, even with Mr. Sandburg watching him? What is the point? Is soup prohibited to famous men in the United States? What is the significance of Mr. Sandburg's agreeable little anecdote? It is the same with quite a number of Mr. Sandburg's little pieces—they leave behind nothing but a slight perplexity, a mild inquiry.

These are defects in a poet, but they are faults of taste and judgment. Now faults of taste like these are extremely rare in contemporary English poetry, and that is why they strike us so sharply. The gravest defect in our own poets is the remoteness from ordinary life of their impulses. Their poetry exists in a sort of poetical vacuum, delightful, exquisitely simple, in perfect taste, but lacking in energy and vitality. Now, Mr. Sandburg has striven for vitality and energy, even if he has not succeeded in obtaining them. This is very interesting, and a warning to us that these qualities are essential to permanent literature, and that we are perhaps neglecting them. Energy and vitality, however

crude and violent, may be disciplined to strength and beauty; but mere good taste grows weaker, until it expires in frigid mannerism. So that we come almost to sympathize with Mr. Sandburg in his admiration for machinery, race-horses, mountains, mob morals, tramps, laborers, smoke; and with his (sometimes) quaint hatred for lawyers, hangmen, history, war, tradition and traditional culture, "scarlet autocrats," the Mayor of Gary, the Church, and "liars" (i.e., the Diplomatic Corps). But Mr. Sandburg fails to make us wholly sympathetic—not because of his assertiveness and aggressiveness, but because of his self-consciousness and his affectation, which create a horrible suspicion of his sincerity. We can endure his faults of taste, his agonizingly cheap effects, his newspaper "stunts"; but not the suspicion that this "democratic idea," this laudation of the people, this exploiting of their vague prejudices and feelings, are all part of a "stunt," too. Read the dedication:—

"To Col. Edward J. Steichen, painter of nocturnes and
faces, camera engraver of glints and moments, listener to
blue evening winds and new yellow roses, dreamer and
finder, rider of great mornings in gardens, valleys, battles."

That smells of the newspaper-room, not of the workshop. A dedication is not a book; but the peculiarly disagreeable affectation and self-consciousness of those lines permeate more or less the whole book. One suspects a pose. When Mr. Sandburg invokes—

"Galoots, you hairy, hankering,
Snousle on the bones you eat, chew at the gristle and
lick the last of it,"

may we not question whether this (and much like it) is anything more than a journalistic re-handling of Whitman, a conscious determination to be a "red-blood" and to damn "culture"?

THE NATURE OF THE INEVITABLE.

Ten Years at the Court of St. James', 1895-1905. By Baron VON ECKARDSTEIN. (Thornton Butterworth. 21s.)

Diplomacy and the War. By Count JULIUS ANDRASSY. (Bale. 17s. 6d.)

THERE is a curious paradox with regard to diplomatic history. It is often said that it takes about a century before the archives give up their secrets and we learn what really happened in the great and little crises of history. There is a certain amount of truth in this; it is only after all the actors are dead that the world is allowed to know exactly what went on behind the historical scenes, what Castlereagh said to Metternich in the anteroom at Vienna, or what Wilhelm II. said to Lord Salisbury when he came panting up the gangway of the yacht "Hohenzollern" at Cowes. And yet from another point of view all this is profoundly unimportant, and the real facts of diplomatic history are known to the world within five years of their happening.

The diplomatic history of the war and its causes is an admirable example of this paradox. In every country of Europe there are about a dozen statesmen, rulers, and diplomatists—most of them in well-merited retirement—whose one object in life is to prove to their contemporaries that "It wasn't my fault, sir; it was the other boy." There are also about a hundred statesmen, rulers, or diplomatists in every country who are itching to prove to their contemporaries that "I told you so." Already "It wasn't my fault" and "I told you so" have produced a whole library of literature on the Great War. We look up at our shelves to see a fat volume of Bethmann-Hollweg standing cheek by jowl with Colonel Repington, and Ludendorff jostling Count Czernin and Viscount Haldane. So eager are these apologists that the world is flooded with revelations which, by all the rules of historical decency, should have been left to be unearthed and uncovered by some of our industrious great-great-grandchildren. And here are two more books of "revelations" by a German Baron and a Hungarian Count who have played a big part in their time behind the scenes.

Now nearly all these books are extraordinarily interesting, and many of them very amusing and commendably

indiscreet. And yet, when we have read them, we find to our astonishment that they have added little or nothing to our knowledge, that they have only shown that the relevant facts with regard to the diplomacy and statesmanship of 1899 to 1918 are already known, and the judgment of history has already been pronounced finally and justly. Baron von Eckardstein's book is a good example of this. He was practically German Ambassador in London, and a *persona grata* in London society, during the crucial years 1895 to 1905. He gives an admirable and amusing picture of London society, and of the emperors, kings, princes, statesmen, diplomatists, and wirepullers who strut and fret their hour upon the stage and then are heard no more. We have here the fullest and the frankest account that has yet appeared of the Anglo-German negotiations that laid the foundations for the war. And yet, looking back at the book as a whole, one is amazed to find how little of any real importance it has told one that one did not know before. It crosses a few t's and dots a few i's, but that is about all. One sees clearly that nobody wanted the war and that everyone was taking precisely those steps which would inevitably lead to war. One watches them pull golden wires from Lombard Street. One learns that the Court and the personal snobbishness and animosities of Royal Persons have a considerable influence upon the fate of nations, that Cabinet Ministers have a very curious idea of loyalty, and that the Kaiser was a pathological example of multiple personality, who changed from an Angel of Peace to a Napoleon according to whether his last walk in the park at Potsdam had been with Baron von Eckardstein or Admiral Tirpitz. The book proves merely that the war might easily have been prevented—was, indeed, very nearly prevented. There was not one single, sane, sound reason for the war. It was the product of our own colossal stupidity and of certain delusions and nightmares in the heads of a handful of kings, generals, admirals, and statesmen. The only real revelation in the book is one which we knew or guessed already. It is the inexplicable and panicky haste with which the Conservative statesmen and politicians suddenly, at the end of last century, decided that Great Britain must immediately enter the Continental system of hostile alliances and become an ally of either Germany or France. If anyone wants to learn how near a thing it was whether we were to fight on Germany's side in the Great War, he should read Baron von Eckardstein's book.

Count Andrassy belongs markedly to the school of "I told you so." His book, which to the student of history is extremely interesting, is a revelation only of the mentality of the governing classes who ruined and destroyed Austria-Hungary. It should be read with Count Czernin's book and the memoirs of Prince Windischgrätz. Count Andrassy's blindness and inability to learn are almost inconceivable. The first part of his book, which deals with pre-war politics and diplomacy and Austrian-Hungarian policy during the war, is simply a long story of the selfish and incompetent way in which the Hungarian aristocracy maintained and exercised their power. And yet, when the helpless and selfish incompetence of this clique and of the similar imperial and aristocratic clique in Austria had brought the peoples of Austria-Hungary to a state of misery and ruin unsurpassed in the history of modern Europe; when men had died by the hundred thousand, women and children were starving in every city, hostile armies invading the country, and the Emperor and the Counts and the Princes about to pack their bags for Switzerland; when at that moment the people of Budapest and Vienna and Prague and Serajevo rose at last and telephoned to the Emperor, sitting in his palace of Schönbrunn, that they would have nothing more to do with his Archdukes, his Counts, Generals, and Ministers—then, Count Julius Andrassy assures us, they did not really mean this; it wasn't a real and regular revolution, it was created by "an external political necessity," the result of a "momentary weakness and the momentary reversal of the old section." And Count Julius Andrassy shakes his head over "a State which is made the prey of systems that have never been tried." He forgets that the condition of Austria-Hungary in November, 1918, was the result of trying the system of two generations of Tiszas and two generations of Andrassys, not to mention several hundred generations of Habsburgs.

WAR.

Tell England. By ERNEST RAYMOND. (Cassell. 7s. 6d.)

Way of Revelation. By WILFRID EWART. (Putnam. 7s. 6d.)

THE resemblances between these two books are only less remarkable than the differences. Both of them are accounts of the war. Both of them trace its effects upon certain groups of young men. In both of them the young men belong to that happy section of manhood that sleeps in silk pyjamas. Here, however, the resemblances of the two books end. Mr. Raymond has for his moral the epitaph:—

"Tell England, ye who pass this monument,
We died for her, and here we rest content."

Mr. Ewart succeeds in bringing to our ears the cry of a dying man:—

"Morphia! Morphia! put an 'M' on my forehead."

Mr. Raymond's story is about three boys—Rupert Ray, a Colonel's grandson; Edgar Gray Doe, son of a famous cricketer; and Archibald Pennybet, whose mother is a widow and a woman of fashion. Mr. Raymond tells us, and lives at Wimbledon. The three boys are at school together. "Kensington, of course, is the finest school in England." The headmaster, whose nickname is Salome, has his own methods of teaching manners, methods which seem to the reviewer somewhat at variance with those usually employed in English public schools:—

"Ill fares it with a youth if he has his hands in his pockets and is seen by Salome. Before he is aware of the great presence, that stoop overhangs him, that forefinger points to the tip of his nose, and a drawing voice says with rhythmic emphasis: 'Ee, bless me, my man, you've got—your hands—in your pockets. Take off your spectacles, sir. I'm going—to smack—your face.'"

Strange also is the description of the junior portion of Kensington at wicket practice:—

"The wicket-keeper . . . sulked because he had been forbidden to stop the swift bowler's deliveries by holding his coat in front of him and allowing the ball to become entangled in its folds."

Really there is no more possibility of confusing Kensington with a first-rate school than of mistaking pear-drops for pralines.

It is this lack of palate—or is it innocence?—that mars Mr. Raymond's book. He has no discrimination. He takes his fine fellows at their own valuation, and presents for our approval three of the most complete humbugs that we have met with in fiction. We are shown the old Colonel who trains Ray and his friend Edgar Doe for the Army:—

"Eighteen, by Jove!" says this "radiant enthusiast," "you've timed your lives wonderfully, my boys. To be eighteen in 1914 is the best thing in England. . . . It's a virtue to be your age, just as it's a crime to be mine. Eighteen years ago you were born for this day. . . ."

And so on. We do not hear of the old Colonel's pushing his way into the fighting ranks himself, however. Mr. Raymond is content to have his parsnips unbuttered.

After the Colonel comes Monty the padre, who converts Rupert Ray and Edgar Doe on their way to Gallipoli, hears their confessions of lasciviousness and drunkenness, and sends them "white over the top." "I never knew, till I joined the Army, that there were so many fine people in the world. I never knew there was so much kindness and unselfishness in the world. I never knew men could suffer so cheerfully," says Monty. When the officers are drunk and smashing things in the lounge, he says: "It's three parts wine and seven parts youth, so I'm three parts shocked and seven parts braced. . . ."

We must confess to being quite seven parts shocked by "Tell England." It is unconsciously a sentimental, coarse, and pretentious book—a vulgar book. When Mr. Raymond is not writing of men and the behavior of men, however, he seems to observe with a different eye and write with a different pen. His descriptions of the voyage to Gallipoli, of that dismal coast, and of the island of Mudros are admirable. Mr. Raymond reconstructs other men's experiences of war rather than relives his own, we think, but he has carried out that reconstruction with zealous sympathy.

"Way of Revelation" is a good, even a superlatively good, book, with a few bad chapters in it. To read it is to live through the strange years of the war. It is only when he writes of home life in England that Mr. Ewart fails to convince us. This is partly because few of us were

lucky enough to spend our pre-war days dancing at the Ritz. Making for sensationalism, too, is Mr. Ewart's choice of heroine. It is difficult for a young girl to do anything improper nowadays, unless she goes to the dogs altogether; so it is to the dogs that Mr. Ewart's beautiful Rosemary Meynell goes headlong. The excitement of war is not, to this author, an unmixed blessing either for those who go to the front or for those who remain at home. It brings out the fine qualities in Eric Sinclair and Adrian Knoyle; but it brings out in the former a strain of cruelty, too. Splendidly brave, helpful and kind to his men, always exquisitely dapper in his dress, enduring horrors with an air of gay indifference, Eric Sinclair can yet say to the platoon sergeant who asks what he should do with his prisoners:—

"They're a couple of the swine who fire the *minenwerfer*, I suppose. Do what you like with them."

"Oh, send 'em down to Brigade Headquarters, Eric—" protested Adrian.

"Come along!" said his company-commander, cutting him short. "They're no use to us." The platoon sergeant laughed.

"Passing back that way half an hour later, they found the Germans lying dead in the trench. . . ."

It is men like Eric Sinclair, clever, courageous, and ruthless, who win all wars.

Mr. Ewart is a deadly fair recorder. Pity is the emotion that inspires him—pity for both sides alike, pity for young incompetence as well as for young death. There are nowhere, we are sure, more moving pictures of battle than are contained in this book. Neuve Chapelle, Ginchy, Ypres, and Cambrai—each, in turn, is the scene of his story, and a dwindling company of officers and men carry out their loathsome task unflinchingly. Each becomes real to us for a moment as a living creature, and then real to us as a tortured and dead man. There is no monotony in Mr. Ewart's descriptions. Neuve Chapelle has one kind of horror, the water-logged trenches of Ypres another. It is from golden harvest fields that they march into the massacre of the Somme. Mr. Ewart has some beautiful descriptive passages here, when the home-sick young officers and their men rest for awhile after their long march from the north. To quote from these chapters would be to spoil their effect as a whole. They should be turned to whenever the impression of those grievous years seems to grow dim in the memory.

Foreign Literature.

A NEW FRENCH WRITER.

Ouvert la Nuit. Par PAUL MORAND. (Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française. 7fr.)

The most interesting book by a young French author we have read for many months is Paul Morand's "*Ouvert la Nuit*." It marks the first phase of maturity of a highly original talent. It is a book which sets one overhauling and rearranging the system of pigeon-hole classification which one uses in order to keep some kind of control over the flood of contemporary literature. We have to mechanize ourselves a little to avoid being drowned. We form, for self-preservation's sake, the habit of saying summarily, "That's nothing, and this is something." The somethings we sort into their holes. The most interesting hole is a kind of limbo, wherein we thrust the things which are not nothing, and yet are not a definite and recognizable something: books which seem to promise a sensation which they do not give. A great deal of the most modern literature, English or French, reposes in that limbo, until a work arrives which seems to contain in itself the realization of some of those dim and scattered potentialities.

Just as the drunken scene in Mr. Joyce's "*Ulysses*" is a positive realization of the disruptive subjectivism in modern literature, so M. Paul Morand's "*Ouvert la Nuit*" is an artistic realization of the weariness and irresponsibility which lies behind such manifestations of the modern spirit as "Dada." "*Ouvert la Nuit*," we might say, is "Dada"

disciplined. But that is a contradiction in terms. "Dada" cannot be disciplined without ceasing to be "Dada." One is bound, therefore, to have recourse to transcendental metaphors to explain the significance of M. Morand's book. It is the positive and creative moment which subsumes the negative and disruptive moment represented by "Dada." M. Morand has taken the crucial step backward. With a single glimpse he has gathered in both "Dada" and that to which "Dada" corresponds in the objective world: irresponsibility of the subject, chaos of the object. "Dada" itself is merely the participation of the subject in the chaos of the object. "*Ouvert la Nuit*" is the establishment of a distinction and a relation between them.

That, we fear, is altogether too transcendental. We will try to put it more simply. European "civilization" at war for five years, European "civilization" after five years' war, is madness. It was an obvious negation of any alleged principle of order that millions of civilized beings should tear at each other's throats in order "to end war" or "make a better world." This is not to say it was not inevitable; its inevitability only made it more monstrously and atrociously absurd. Everything is inevitable, but some things are comparatively reasonable. This was, and is, the most unreasonable thing that had happened to mankind within human memory. "Dada" was the necessary reflection of it in art. It was, and it was important because it was, precisely the most unreasonable thing that had ever happened to literature. "Let's all go mad," as the song prophesied. "Dada" was not literature, but probably it was necessary for literature. There was nothing else for literature to do.

Nevertheless, art has its own principle of order, which reasserts itself far more quickly than any principle of order in the external world. It has to work for a synthesis. And the synthesis towards which we believe modern literature is working is a comic synthesis. Unfortunately, in English we have to make a single word cover the two utterly different principles which underlie social comedy, and the comic of Aristophanes, and Rabelais, and Dickens. It is this latter comic towards which modern literature is striving—farce, not comedy—laughter, not smiles—perhaps the only means by which the mind can survive a comprehensive glance at a world which is veritably mad. Of this comic M. Morand is one of the forerunners. "*Ouvert la Nuit*," naturally, because this civilization of profiteers and poverty has turned night into day. Everything happens in this book under the blue glare of an arc-lamp, which turns human beings into marionettes with monstrous shadows. In other hands than M. Morand's the method of light and shade might seem merely hysterical. But his hands are absolutely steady; he is as cool as a cucumber in the manipulation of his fantasy.

In what does this peculiar fantasy consist? We must give up all attempts at metaphorical definition and look at the thing M. Morand presents to us. Here, for instance, is the opening of "*La Nuit Romaine*":—

"Dans le jardin de l'hôtel, des chats chantaient. Un chien les accabla d'aboiements, tendant une langue bleue, d'avoir mangé des mûres ou des *stylographes*. Pendant qu'on chargeait ses malles, sans dessus-dessous, la mère d'Isabelle attendait dans le hall. C'était une petite femme excessivement conservée par le lait de concombres et l'*égoïsme*, les rides du visage nouées derrière l'oreille, la poitrine ensemencée d'un rang de fausses perles dont elle tenait à la main l'original maritime dans un petit sac en peau crocodile."

The italics are ours. We ought, probably, to have italicized the whole of the last phrase as well ("*la poitrine ensemencée . . .*"). That would give us in a single short paragraph four different varieties of unexpectedness. The impatient reader may feel that M. Morand is pulling his leg. Then he must read the paragraph again and admit that it makes its effect. M. Morand's images are violent, absurd if you like ("Whoever saw a dog eating fountain-pens?"), but they are vivid. Those wrinkles knotted behind Mamma's ears! And then the final absurdity as you discover that the real pearls, of which she wears the imitation, are in a crocodile case in her hand.

A great many young Frenchmen have tried to do this kind of thing, and some Englishmen—we could name a half-dozen of the first and two of the second—but none of them

has brought it off like this before. Plenty of the Dadaists and the writers influenced by them have made a point of saying absurd or unexpected things. M. Morand is the first who has enforced an obvious coherence upon himself. While they seem to be describing some private and peculiar hallucination of their own, he seems to be describing a reality. He builds a world; and this world of his is inhabited by people who, it seems, could not conceivably live in any other. Listen to Mamma describing Isabelle, and to the imaginary hero's reply:—

"Tous les trente ans le monde laisse tomber un peu. A ton âge, lui disais-je, j'avais cinq enfants. Et elle, de me répondre—'Ca a dû vous faire un joli ventre.' Les robes lui sont indifférentes. Elle ne veut pas aller dans le monde. Mes scrupules et mes préjugés l'enchantent. Elle s'efforce d'amuser de tout, mais par dérision. Elle ne sait rien. Elle n'a pas de goûts d'art. Ce qu'elle écrit n'a aucun sens. . . . Dites-moi quelle est cette folie?"

"C'est une génération sacrifiée, Madame, les hommes sont devenus soldats, les femmes sont devenues folles. Le destin y a ajouté encore avec un joli lot de catastrophes. En fait, Isabelle est victime de ce contre-snobisme auquel une âme délicate adhère tôt ou tard, qui oblige à ne fréquenter les gens qu'après s'être assuré qu'ils n'ont aucun titre à une amitié intéressée."

There is, on the face of it, no reason why we should take M. Morand seriously at this point. He closes the conversation with a purely comic stroke. Nevertheless, we believe he is diagnosing the cause both of his own method of vision and of the things he sees.

But that is beside the mark, except in so far as it adds to the peculiar effect of deliberateness and discipline which completely distinguishes "Ouvert la Nuit" from other efforts in the same kind, and even from M. Morand's own previous work. He gives us the sense of his knowing precisely what he is about. He is clowning, indeed, but anyone who has watched a clown of the true tradition knows that the most delicate choice of gesture is necessary. Clowning is as fine an art as drypoint etching, and a more important one. Moreover, M. Morand is clowning because he believes that there is very little else for literature to do. And he may perfectly well be right. At all events, he comes as near as a creative writer can to proving that he may be right.

Into the midst of his fantastic stories he suddenly drops one which is purely realistic. "La Nuit Turque" is a story of the settlement of Russian aristocratic refugees at Constantinople. It might have happened—perhaps it did happen—that M. Morand actually met his friend Anna Valentinovna as a waitress in a Russian restaurant there. But the effect of this story is exactly like the effect of the others. They may be fantastic visions of reality; this is a vision of a fantastic reality. There is nothing to choose between them. M. Morand may not have hold of a universal truth, but he has got hold of something which is true everywhere of high-tension "civilization" at the fusing point. True, with the truth of literature, of course; true in the sense that he manages to persuade us that this is the way to look at modern "civilization" if we want to get anything out of it. It is a tragic farce, says M. Morand: learn to see it as one. The last sentence of the last story of his book, "La Nuit Nordique," is a veritable masterstroke of the comic.

J. MIDDLETON MURRY.

Books in Brief.

Some Revolutions, and Other Diplomatic Experiences. By the late Sir HENRY G. ELLIOT. (Murray. 16s.)

CONTROVERSIES gathered round the head of Sir Henry Elliot during his diplomatic service. There would be controversy over these reminiscences of his—written many years ago—if shattering events had not made them look so pale and wan. They are interesting as revealing the rigidity of the governing mind. He was Ambassador at Constantinople at an exciting period. It was beyond his fathoming that the Bulgarian atrocities and the Salonica murders should arouse indignation. The outburst by Gladstone's

followers and others, "however justifiable in itself, was carried to an excess far beyond what was warranted by a true knowledge of the facts." Yet a considerable part of his book is devoted to prove that knowledge of the facts was not always available to the Ambassador himself. In the instance he mentions he was badly served by a colleague who improperly withheld a communication from his chief. In the Salonica affair his contention that the Greeks were the first offenders is established. But politics has a disturbing effect on a man's judgment. The Opposition leaders were making "political capital" out of the Bulgarian atrocities. One gathers that no one feels honest indignation when wrong is done. Gladstone was merely taking a handy stick to belabor Beaconsfield. True, we are better acquainted to-day with the mild Christians in the Balkans; but we also have better knowledge of the policy of reprisals and the consequences. It was always enough for Sir Henry that Christians were the first aggressors. He admits the reprisals were "horrible atrocities," that they were carried out with "indiscriminate brutality" and the "savage ferocity of demons." Gladstone misread some of the events. His praise of Russia's "pity for suffering humanity" sounds strange now. But only one whose mind was not easily moved by the spectacle of suffering could doubt, as Elliot did, Gladstone's wrath against terrorism. Elliot clears himself entirely, it should be noted, of the charge that he had not protested to the Porte against the employment of Bashi-Bazouks. His protests apparently put no fear into the heart of the Turkish Government. Sir Henry's efforts to clear Beaconsfield's Government of indifference are not successful. But throughout these reminiscences, whether we see Elliot in Naples during the Garibaldi revolution, or in Constantinople, we are conscious of a mind temperamentally incapable of understanding opposition to established Governments.

* * *

The Story of Our Hymns. By FREDERICK JOHN GILLMAN. (Swarthmore Press. 2s. 6d.)

THIS companion to the "Fellowship Hymn-Book" is of importance to students of the history of hymnology. Environment and personal experience influence the writers of hymns as they do authors of other forms of literature, but good hymns express emotions common to all. Mr. Gillman shows how the seeking for truth and the gladness with which people gather together for devotional thanksgiving have been common to mankind of almost every age. The historical descriptions are full of interest. We are reminded that Dr. Neale, who introduced Greek hymns into England, translated as only a poet can. "Art thou weary?" was not simply a translation, but an idea inspired by the poem of Stephen, a monk of the Mar Saba Monastery in the eighth century. Greek, Latin, German, and Early English hymns, the emotional hymnody of the Methodist revival, the contributions of the Oxford movement, and those of Denmark, America, and elsewhere, are classified and treated historically. Thomas Ellwood, Bernard Barton, and J. G. Whittier are three Quaker singers of note. There are thirty-five Quaker hymns in the "Fellowship Hymn-Book," several by living authors. Few historians would consent to compress so much information into so small a space as Mr. Gillman has done.

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rather than in tree regions. Primitive man depended upon wild plants and animals for his food supply. In a second stage of development man has come to depend upon cultivated plants and domesticated animals. In a third stage he will depend upon crops which require less labor and cost in general, but this stage will presumably not be reached until he has fought many wars in the interest of his thought-habit grain crops." It has a humanitarian aspect, too. Increase the food supply, and you rob the politician of his stock argument to justify wars. "He will find ever-increasing difficulty in persuading fathers and mothers to send their fine sons to play his ruthless game and to pay his bills." With much detail, and with a brightness of exposition which makes the subject attractive even to one who will never tend a nut tree, Mr. Morris instructs the farmer and the amateur orchardist in the technicalities of the trade: the right soil, planting and transplanting, grafting, the care of the orchard, and the species and varieties of trees.

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The Drama.

THE NEW AND THE OLD

It is a new Drury Lane in which Mr. Arthur Collins has produced his Boccaccio spectacle, "Decameron Nights," and one had hardly expected to regret the old one so much. No doubt cleanliness, airiness, and a view unobstructed by pillars are three great boons, and no doubt the new blue and gold auditorium, with its rigid lines suggestive of blocks piled by Titans, is a fine specimen of the modern Babylonian ideal in building. What we miss, as our eye ranges back to find the limits of this bleak magnificence, is the grace and harmony of the old semicircle, which, for all its vastness, made old Drury Lane one of the warmest and most intimate houses

in London. Its rebuilders have wrought effectively perhaps in their own barbaric style, but they have not rivalled the sober Victorian stateliness of Covent Garden; they have not attained the subduing grandeur of La Scala. They have not come near the white simplicity of the Empire music-hall, before its auditorium was retouched with fallals.

It is a new theatre, then, but it is, in effect, an old play. Not that Mr. Robert McLaughlin and his "adapter," Mr. Boyle Lawrence, have failed to fashion for themselves the material they have drawn from the "Decameron," but that the whole tone and inspiration of the work belong to 1822 rather than 1922. The last Drury Lane might well have opened with this drama; had Douglas Jerrold been alive to give it yet one more "adaptation," he would have felt in his element, and would probably have given it a touch of vigor that it sadly needs. The very cloaks and silvern legs of the crusaders when the curtain rose, the mysterious rites of the monks of Neda, which would puzzle all liturgiologists, Western and Oriental, were enough to tell us that we were back at the period of "The Miller of Mansfield," "The Old Oak Chest," and the rest of the Romantic paraphernalia. Presently we saw Oriental tyrants, uncommonly like Thackeray's drawings of the pantomime potentates of his day, and it was not long before we welcomed the expected arrival of the "comic fighting man" (see "Nicholas Nickleby," Chapter XXIV.) attendant on the hero, capping all the solemn passages with infantile jokes, and, like his prototype, unparalleled for valor and resource, especially in overhearing the ecplots of minions. If the heroic Saladin and the wicked Ricciardo did not, when their long-delayed combat at length arrived, administer quite all the "fancy chops" of Mr. Crummles's fighting sailors, they did many impressive things in their rapier and poniard duel which no swordsman who set the smallest value on his skin would dream of attempting. No doubt Mr. Crummles would have taken a vast quantity of snuff in his confusion if it had been proposed to him to stage the episode in which the Lady Teodora (Miss Gladys Ancrum) is condemned (for presumed unfaithfulness to her crusading husband) to a punitive stripping in the square of St. Mark at Venice. Yet, thanks to an eclipse, the worst is averted, and Mrs. Crummles herself might have played the part with equanimity.

This style of drama requires a school of acting which is going out of fashion. Miss Ellis Jeffreys is by no means of that school, but it is a revelation of her technical powers to find how easily and triumphantly she fills this huge auditorium with her own delicate comedy gift as the wicked Ricciardo's wife Violante—an injured wife who gets all her own back. Miss Wilette Kershaw in the rôle of Perdita, the strayed and shipwrecked heroine, has what is less a part than a parcel, for she is always being tied up neatly and carried off. She has therefore but slight opportunities. Mr. Hugh Buckler comes nearer the resonant style we need as Torello d'Istria, Teodora's jealous husband, and Mr. H. A. Saintsbury as Ricciardo is just the cat-like, sardonic villain one would have revelled in as a schoolboy and can still enjoy at any age. Mr. Ivan Berlyn is well-chosen for a sub-villain, a malignant hunchback, on whom he is able to expend some of his fantastic ingenuity. But really the only player who is right in the key of the production is Mr. Cowley Wright, who is cast for the coffee-colored hero, Saladin. He has the indefinable "glamor" essential to the Romantic actor, reminding us faintly at times of Sir John Martin Harvey; he makes us feel that had he been given in the course of the evening a single speech or tirade with a touch of real rhetoric in it he would have set us all in a turmoil of enthusiasm.

It would be unfair to suggest that if this piece had been given at any of the earlier openings of Drury Lane, such a noteworthy series of scenic *tableaux* could have been shown. The Oriental scenes were a trifle too gaudy for our taste, but the Venetian pictures were charming. The great square of St. Mark is an object-lesson in the value of simplicity and light (not at all a cheap simplicity, we suspect), and the market set had more "atmosphere" to it than any scene we can recall for some time. Indeed,

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A SURVEY OF MODERN MUSIC.

THERE are many books made in these days about modern music, but for the most part they are studies of particular composers or schools. Criticism is still influenced by political considerations; writers on music, even when politics are kept in the background, too easily become narrow and parochial in their judgments. To consider the whole field of contemporary music requires wide sympathies and a wide and well-balanced judgment as well; it is a task for which few critics are adequately equipped.

A serious attempt has now been made in a quarter where a broadly international outlook was hardly to be expected at this moment. Professor Adolf Weissmann is one of the leading musical critics in Berlin. One would, even before the war, have assumed naturally that a German book about modern music would be exclusively German in its interests, overloaded with pedantic information, and hopelessly unattractive in its literary style. Professor Weissmann covers his ground in 250 pages.* Considering how Germany has been cut off intellectually from the rest of the world for the last seven years, it is astonishing to observe the extent of the author's knowledge concerning non-German music of the present day. Still more remarkable is his pointed and concentrated literary style. The highest compliment that any German reviewer can pay to an author is to call him *objectiv*. It is an epithet which Professor Weissmann certainly deserves himself. He writes primarily for German readers, and naturally enough a large part of the book is taken up with German music. But he has no patriotic illusions about it. He seems throughout the book to be struggling against an inevitable pessimism as regards the music of his own country. Richard Strauss he regards as the one German composer now living who can be placed in the front rank. There is no younger composer who stands out with even the promise of equal eminence. Schönberg he recognizes as one of the greatest stimulating forces of to-day; but for him Schönberg is a teacher and inspirer rather than a composer. Yet Professor Weissmann is no reactionary. He can criticize Strauss as severely as anyone else; he realizes plainly that Strauss is the end of a generation, that he has in his last works looked backward rather than forward, that he has no followers among the new generation.

The English reader will note with pleasure the determined effort which the author has made to do full justice to English music. The English composer who turns up his own name in the index will be disappointed. A page of Mr. Bax's music is reproduced in facsimile, but Professor Weissmann's judgments on individuals are extremely summary. When he alludes casually to *der friedliche Stanford*, he gives us, if not *le mot juste*, at least *l'épithète inattendue*. This is no injustice to England, for he treats most of his own countrymen with equal curtness. For the book is not a series of portraits of individuals, but rather a critical study of tendencies and foundations. Such men as Bruckner, Mahler, Pfitzner, Strauss, and Schönberg have whole chapters to themselves, but the author assumes that his readers have as full a knowledge of their compositions as any of his own professional colleagues. To an English reader, even though he be definitely interested in German music, the book is for this reason somewhat difficult to read.

What is singularly fascinating and illuminating about this book is not its German point of view of foreign

music, but its half-unconscious exposition of the German attitude towards the art of music itself. The years of war caused German and non-German music to go very separate ways. We cannot bridge this gulf with the help of the classics. We have all more or less definitely broken with the classics, with almost the music of the nineteenth century. The representative figures of modern music, as Professor Weissmann points out, are Debussy, Stravinsky, and Schönberg. Debussy is beginning to become international. He is gradually being accepted in Germany; modern German music does not altogether refuse to be influenced by him. But it seems probable that the position of Debussy in the future will be more or less that which Chopin holds to-day. It may be that Debussy will ultimately take Chopin's place, but Chopin, however indispensable to us, has never been a force in the development of music comparable with Wagner or even with Liszt. Stravinsky leads the non-German group, Schönberg leads Germany. There are a few internationally minded musicians who can appreciate both; but it will be many years before both of them are accepted universally as Beethoven and Wagner were accepted.

Stravinsky and Schönberg are at present musicians for the inner circle of admirers. Music in the larger sense, the musical life and organization of whole countries, rests on deeper foundations. It is here that Professor Weissmann displays his real critical sense and penetrates to vital forces. One of the words which occur most frequently in this book is *Musikantentum*. It is a difficult word to translate; the word "musicianship" is emphatically not its right equivalent. It signifies that inborn professional facility which is natural to the people of Austria and Bohemia, the facility which Burney noted in those parts, the facility which produced the domestic orchestras of the local nobility from among their footmen, grooms, and gardeners. England, perhaps, possessed a *Musikantentum* in the days of Shakespeare; the musicians in "Romeo and Juliet" are *Musikanten*, and the English *Musikanten* even travelled in Germany and spread English music at the North German and Scandinavian Courts. But if at the present day there is in England any natural musical facility, it is a facility for singing, not for instrumental playing. Herein lies one of the great differences between English and German music.

Another difference comes out in Professor Weissmann's criticism of Debussy. The new movement in France, he tells us, came from the *salon*, and it seems to him a strange thing that any real musical inspiration should spring from the upper strata of society. To German critics Debussy and his group are always *blasié* dandies, hothouse flowers of decadence. Strauss is *bürgerlich*, and to the German mind the *bourgeoisie* is the normal, healthy-minded musical population; to us it is the inert, half-educated mass which batters on the shop ballad. It is easy to see how the idea of *Musikantentum* and *bourgeois* art connects naturally with two other subjects which Professor Weissmann very ably discusses—the commercial organization of music and what he calls *Artistentum*. Here, again, *der Artist* is the musician who is not a real artist. The artist is *der Künstler*; *der Artist* is, generally speaking, the "variety artiste." In the critical language of modern Germany *der Artist* is the man who has skill but no artistic conscience. He is the natural development—so an Englishman would feel—of *der Musikant*: *der Musikant* is originally rural, *der Artist* urban. In the same way the marvellous *Musikbetrieb* of Germany is closely connected with the *bourgeois* outlook. Music is to Germany an Established Church and a colossal industry. There may be saints or fine craftsmen here and there; but the whole country is organized, as Professor Weissmann sees clearly, for the production of the standard article on a large scale. At some moments he seems to regard Germany as the country which creates music, and the "Anglo-Saxon" countries as the commercial organizers. Needless to say, the principal Anglo-Saxon country is for him America. He forgets that the musical industry of America is mainly in the hands of German Jews. Some remnant of English tradition may survive in Appalachia, but

* "Die Musik in der Weltkrise." By Adolf Weissmann. (Stuttgart and Berlin: Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt. 65m.)

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A PLUMMET FOR BOTTOM'S DREAM. By W. J. LAWRENCE.
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THE DECAY OF FAST BOWLING. By SIR HOME GORDON, BT.
THE SERBO-ALBANIAN FRONTIER. By CAPTAIN H. E. GOAD.
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musical America as a whole can hardly be called Anglo-Saxon.

German musicians are beginning now to have a suspicion that over-organization and over-production may be the ruin of German music. Professor Weissmann is not the only pessimist in his own country. It would ill become a foreigner, least of all an Englishman, to express so definite an opinion. In England the pursuit of genuinely artistic ideals in music is a perpetual struggle. Sisyphus, Tantalus, and the Danaides should have been the subjects represented in the sculptural decoration of the Queen's Hall. No one could say here that "music has become too easy." Perhaps that may be our salvation.

EDWARD J. DENT.

Exhibitions of the Week.

Leicester Galleries: Memorial Exhibition of Sculpture and Drawings by the late J. HAVARD THOMAS.

MR. CLAUSEN writes an interesting and sympathetic introduction to this exhibition, in the course of which he truly points out that Havard Thomas's ideal was to follow the classical tradition of sculpture. In other words, he adopts the general Græco-Roman style of the representation of the human form, though his work is influenced and enlightened by the freer and more homely gestures and attitudes characteristic of the Renaissance. He clearly never felt any of the doubts and discontents of Michael Angelo and Rodin, but devoted himself to perfecting the elegance and balance of his statues. The three large statues, "Cassandra," in wood and wax, "Lycidas," in bronze, and the "Slave Girl," in marble, show the variety and strength of his achievement. The modelling is admirable, simple almost to severity, and does not distract from the solidity of the rounded limbs and the beauty of the pose and movement. The finish of the surface, whatever may be the medium, is a delight in itself. But when all possible compliments have been made, there cannot fail to rise in the mind an uncomfortable doubt as to the real artistic importance of this kind of sculpture.

However, the limitations of sculpture need not deter from the enjoyment of good work wherever it is found. Some of Thomas's reliefs are charming, especially "Music and Dancing" (No. 38) and the attractive portrait medallion of Rupert Brooke (No. 23a). No. 61 is a lovely little bronze, and here again the manipulation and finish of the material are very striking. Within the limits of his tradition Havard Thomas was a strong and sincere artist, and his work will not soon be forgotten.

E. S.

Forthcoming Meetings.

April.

Sun. 30. South Place Ethical Society, 11 a.m.—"Problems of Marriage," Mr. C. Delisle Burns.

May.

Mon. 1. Institute of Actuaries, 5.—"On the Valuation of Endowment Assurances by Select Tables," Mr. E. H. Brown.

Royal Institution, 5.—Annual Meeting.

Bedford College, 5.15.—"L'Intelligence et la Volonté," Lecture II., Prof. Edouard Claparède.

University College, 5.15.—"Law and Business," Lord Justice Scrutton.

King's College, 5.30.—"The Contemporary History of Spain," Lecture I., Don Rafael Altamira.

King's College, 5.30.—"Biological Aspects of Oceanography," Lecture II., Dr. Johan Hjort.

Aristotelian Society, 8.—"Prof. Alexander's Theory of Values," Miss M. MacFarlane.

Tues. 2. Royal Institution, 3.—"Racial Problems of Africa," Lecture II., Sir Arthur Keith.

University College, 5.—"The Influence of Insects in the Transmission of Infection," Lecture I., Sir Arthur Shipley.

Bedford College, 5.15.—"L'Intelligence et la Volonté," Lecture III., Prof. Edouard Claparède.

King's College, 5.30.—"The Principle and Method of Hegel," Lecture I., Prof. H. Wildon Carr.

King's College, 5.30.—"Biological Aspects of Oceanography," Lecture III., Dr. Johan Hjort.

Institution of Civil Engineers, 6.—"Some Post-War Problems of Transport," Sir J. A. F. Aspinall.

(James Forrest Lecture.)

Wed. 3. University College, 3.—"The Arthurian Legend in Dante," Barlow Lecture I., Prof. E. G. Gardner.

Royal Society of Medicine (1, Wimpole Street, W.), 5.—"The Human Neo-Cerebellum," Prof. Winkler.

Bedford College, 5.15.—"La Destinée Littéraire Anglo-Française: Alfred de Vigny," Lecture I., Prof. Baldensperger.

University College, 5.15.—"The Early History of Land Flora," Lecture II., Dr. D. H. Scott.

University College, 5.30.—"India's New Constitution," Rhodes Lecture I., Lord Meston.

Royal Society of Arts, 8.—"Titanium Oxide as a Paint Material," Mr. Noel Heaton.

Thurs. 4. Royal Institution, 3.—"A Syntonic Hypothesis of Color-Vision," Dr. E. H. Barton.

Royal Society, 4.30.—"On the Heat Production and Oxidation Processes of the Echinoderm Egg during Fertilization and Early Development," Mr. C. Shearer; and other Papers.

Linnean Society, 5.—"The Life-History of Laminaria and Chorda," Prof. Lloyd Williams.

University College, 5.15.—"Scottish Customary Law," Lecture II., Prof. J. E. G. de Montmorency.

King's College, 5.30.—"The Contemporary History of Spain," Lecture II., Don Rafael Altamira.

King's College, 5.30.—"Portuguese Folk-song and Lyrics," Prof. G. Young.

King's College, 5.30.—"Central and North Italian Painters of the Fifteenth Century: Siena and Umbria," Prof. P. Dearmer.

St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, 6.30.—Commemorative Service for the Work of Emily Davies, LL.D.; Sermon by the Bishop of Birmingham.

Fri. 5. Royal Society of Arts, 4.30.—"Imperial Wireless Communication," Prof. W. H. Eccles.

Bedford College, 5.15.—"La Destinée Littéraire Anglo-Française: Alfred de Vigny," Lecture II., Prof. Baldensperger.

King's College, 5.30.—"The University of Prague," Mr. R. F. Young.

King's College, 5.30.—"Biological Aspects of Oceanography," Lecture IV., Dr. Johan Hjort.

Royal Institution, 9.—"Biological Studies in Madeira," Dr. M. Grabham.

The Week's Books.

Asterisks are used to indicate those books which are considered to be most interesting to the general reader. Publishers named in parentheses are the London firms from whom books published in the country or abroad may be obtained.

NATURAL SCIENCE.

*Fabre (J. H.). *Souvenirs Entomologiques: Cinquième Série* (Edition Définitive Illustrée). Paris, Delagrave.

Geological Survey of India. Records, Vol. LIII. Part 2. Calcutta, Geological Survey Office, 1921.

Starling (Sydney G.). *Electricity* (Science in the Service of Man). 127 ff. Longmans, 10/6.

MEDICAL.

Ash (Dr. Edwin L.). *Middle-Age Health and Fitness*. Mills & Boon, 5/.

*Keynes (Geoffrey). *Blood Transfusion* (Oxford Medical Publications). Figs. Frowde and Hodder & Stoughton, 8/6.

MUSIC.

Malipiero (G. Francesco). *L'Orfeo*.—III. Orfeo, ovvero, L'ottava Canzone. Chester, 15/.

Morgan (Francis J.). *Sonata No. 1 for Violin and Pianoforte*. 6/.

Trio in F. No. 4, for Violin, Violoncello, and Pianoforte, 7/6.

Godwin & Tabb, 34, Percy St., W. 1.

Pyne (Zoe Kendrick). *Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina: his Life and Times*. II. Lane, 7/6.

GAMES AND SPORTS.

Ray (Edward). *Driving: Approaching*. Putting—Golf Clubs and How to Use Them. Methuen, 2/ each.

Wethered (Roger and Joyce). *Golf from Two Sides*. II. Longmans, 10/6.

LITERATURE.

Folguera (Joaquim). *Articles*. Barcelona, Publicacions de "La Revista," 5ptas.

*Gorki (Maxim). *Die Zerstörung der Persönlichkeit: Aufsätze*. Von J. Chapiro und R. Leonhard übersetzt. Dresden, R. Kaemmerer.

Jolivet (A.). *Wilhelm Heinse: sa Vie et son Œuvre jusqu'en 1787* (Bibliothèque d'Histoire Littéraire). Paris, F. Rieder et Cie, 7, Place Saint-Sulpice, 25fr.

Maseras (Alfons). *El Llibre de les Hores cruentes*. Barcelona, Societat Catalana d'Edicions, 4 ptas.

Priestley (J. B.). *Brief Diversions: being Tales, Travesties, and Epigrams*. Cambridge, Bowes & Bowes, 3/6.

Pritchard (F. H.). *Training in Literary Appreciation: an Introduction to Criticism*. Harrap, 2/6.

Roughhead (William). *Glengarry's Way, and other Studies*. II. Edinburgh, Green & Son, 2, St. Giles St., 10/6.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Atkins (J. W. H.), ed. *The Owl and the Nightingale*. With Translation, Notes, and Glossary. Cambridge Univ. Press, 16/.

*Blunden (Edmund). *The Shepherd; and other Poems of Peace and War*. Cobden-Sanderson, 6/.

*Drinkwater (John). *Selected Poems*. Por. Sidgwick & Jackson, 3/6.

Ernie (George), tr. *The Wrath of Achilles*. Tr. from the Iliad into Quantitative Hexameters. Milford, 10/.

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